The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The contents of the August Bookman will include a special and fully illustrated article on Baroness Orczy. Other important articles will be "The Poetry of Francis Thompson," by Katharine Tynan; "The Young Goethe," by Walter Sichel; "Quack Painting," by G. S. Layard; "Adventures among Birds," by Richard Curle; "Victor Hugo," by George Sampson; "Horace Walpole's World," by F. G. Bettany; "More People's Books," by Arthur Burrell; "An Eighteenth Century Egoist," by Walter Jerrold; "The Last Frontier," by W. C. Scully; "Mexico," by Perceval Gibbon; "The Renaissance and its Makers," by Haldane Macfall; "Borrow's Romantic Ballads," by Thomas Seccombe, etc.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have just published four new novels that were sent in for their recent Thousand Pounds Prize Novel Competition, and that, though they missed the prize, were strongly recommended by the adjudicators for publication. These are: "My Father's Son," by John Harvey; "The Sin of Eve," by May Edginton; "The Wilderness Lovers," by E. R. Punshon; and "A Garden of Spices," by A. Keith Fraser. The several judges through whose hands they passed differed so much as to the order of merit in which these four should be placed that the publishers have resolved to take the opinions of the general reader, and are offering a first prize of Ten Guineas, a second of Five Guineas, a third of Two Guineas, and five Prizes of One Guinea each for the best review which shall deal with all four of the books and place them in what the reader considers is their proper order of merit. The review may take the form of a letter, which must give the competitor's reasons for his preferences, and it may be either typed or in manuscript. The Competition will close on August 1st, and the result will be announced in The Bookman. Competitors must address their envelopes: Review Competition. Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

Messrs. Nisbet are publishing a new edition of Ballantyne's greatest story for boys, "Coral Island,"

with a preface by Sir J. M. Barrie, and illustrations in colour by Mr. Septimus E. Scott. "To be born is to be wrecked on an island; and this, no doubt, is why the male child's first instinct is to acquire a knife and secrete pieces of string," says Sir James in his delightfully whimsical foreword, and he goes on to a characteristically droll account of the influence that "Coral Island" had upon himself, and how, in his boyhood, he used to look upon Ballantyne "as the author of the Hundred Best Books, and wondered why that list ever needed to be a subject of controversy." Hapless boys who do not yet know Ballantyne could not do better than make his acquaintance in "Coral Island."

"The Second-Class Passenger" is the title Mr. Perceval Gibbon has given to a new book of short stories that Messrs. Methuen are publishing this month. Mr. Gibbon is at present engaged on a novel of Welsh life, which will not be ready for publication until next year.

Mrs. Florence Barclay's new novel, "The Broken Halo," will be published by Messrs. Putnam in September.

Photo by H. Walter Barnett Knightsbridge.

Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, whose "Life of John Bright" (Constable) is reviewed on page 156.

Mr. Joseph Clayton has written a Life of the late Father Stanton, which Messrs. Wells Gardner & Co. are publishing this month.

On the 5th of this month there is to be a great gathering in Norwich in honour of George Borrow. Those taking part in the celebration—and it is open to every good Borrovian who will undertake the journey—will be conducted to Borrow's house, and to various places associated with him in and about Norwich; there will afterwards be a reception by the Lord Mayor of Norwich, at which Mr. Birrell will deliver an address, and the title deeds of the Borrow house, the freehold of which has been purchased by the Lord Mayor, will be presented to the Corporation. A Gipsy Band will play during the reception, and songs and dances will be given under the auspices of the Gipsy and Folk Lore Club, of London. In the evening there is to be a dinner at the Maid's Head Hotel, Norwich, with the Lord Mayor of Norwich in the Chair. For a full programme and all other particulars application should be made to Mr. Frank J. Farrell, Guilderoy, Great Yarmouth. A movement is afoot for turning the house, which the Lord Mayor, Mr. Arthur Michael Samuel is generously presenting to the City, into a Borrow Museum, and a Memorial Fund Committee is appealing for subscriptions to enable them to restore the house to its original condition and to acquire, by purchase or loan, books, manuscripts, letters, portraits, drawings and other objects of Borrovian interest for exhibition.

A very interesting feature of the Borrow celebrations is the *matinée* to be given at the Little Theatre on July 1st, by Miss Winifride Borrow, a kinswoman of the author of "The Romany Rye." The programme will include a dramatic adaptation from "Lavengro"; Dowson's "Pierrot of the Minute"; and "The Vultures," by Charles Van Lerberghe. Miss Borrow will be supported by a brilliant cast, including Mr. Wilfrid Fletcher, whose playing in "Typhoon" is attracting such wide notice.

"Some Recollections of an Old Landscape Painter," by an anonymous author, will be published by Messrs. Heath, Cranton & Ouseley in September. The anonymous writer is said to be well-known, and it is anticipated that his reminiscences will arouse something of a sensation in society and in artistic circles.

Professor Kastner, of the Manchester University, has edited a new edition of the Poetical Works of Drummond of Hawthornden, which the Manchester University Press is publishing. The book is in two

volumes, and contains twenty-seven facsimile reproductions of original title pages, and seven portraits of Drummond, one of which is now for the first time reproduced.

Madame Betty van der Goes, whose delightful volume of short stories "A Necessity of Life," we reviewed in a recent Number, is the daughter of Sir Frederick Macmillan, the distinguished publisher. It is not often that a book of short stories finds the reviewers so unanimous in their appreciation of it; but, then, it is not often that the reviewers are given

Madame Betty van der Goes.
Author of "A Necessity of Life, and other Stories" (Macmillan).

a book in which the stories are so fresh in idea and so full of charm as these. Madame Betty van der Goes has been a frequent contributor to the magazines in this country and in America, but this we believe is the first collection she has made of her stories, and its reception should certainly induce her to make a second as soon as may be.

Miss Evangeline Ryves, whose new book of poems, "The Red Horizon," has just been issued by Mr. Elkin Mathews, numbers in her ancestry that seventeenth-century Sir Thomas Ryves, the famous jurist to whom Fuller refers in his "Worthies" as "Advocate to the King of Heaven," and the loyal divine, Bruno Ryves, who wrote and suffered during the Great Rebellion. Another memorable member of her family was the eighteenth-century dramatist, Elizabeth Ryves, whose poignant struggle against the neglect of her generation is related in D'Israeli's "Calamities of Authors." Simultaneously with the publication of Miss Ryves's new book Mr. Elkin Mathews issues a new edition of her earlier volume of verse, "Erebus," and both are reviewed on another page of this Number.

Miss Evangeline Ryves.

An essayist, a poet, and a painter have united to do something in the way of reviving the old Chapbooks and Broadsides that were so popular with

Mr. H. S. Harrison,
whose new novel, "V.V.'s Eyes" (Constable), is reviewed on page 182.

our forefathers. Their first booklets are: "The Town," an essay by Holbrook Jackson; "Six Essays in the Eighteenth Century," by Richard Honeywood (each essay being no more than an epigrammatic utterance characterising such men as Sterne, Steele, Goldsmith, Fielding, Congreve and Johnson); "The Two Wizards and Other Songs," by Richard Honeywood; and "Eve," by Ralph Hodgson. They have issued also, as Broadsides, twopence plain and fourpence coloured, a poem by Richard Honeywood, and two by Ralph Hodgson; a drawing of Captain Macheath, and a Parable by Lovat Fraser. It is an interesting experiment that aims at catching something of the old Chap-book and Broadside traditions, and adding to them such flavour as modernity can give. All the publications are decorated throughout by Lovat Fraser with delightfully quaint woodcuts, and they are sold at the Sign of the Flying Fame in Roland Gardens.

M. Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, a photograph of whose striking bust of Mr. Frank Harris we reproduce on this page, is a young sculptor of remarkable gifts who was born in France twenty-two years ago. Since he was twelve years of age he has led a Bohemian life, roaming about Europe, but nowadays he is settled in London. With the high ambitions he has also the independent spirit of youth, and prefers to work here in a city office in order that he may be free to devote himself to his art undisturbed by commercial considerations.

Photo by Walter Benington, 14, Conduit Street, W.

Mr. Frank Harris.

From a bust by Henri Gaudier-Brzeska.

"The Court Masques of James I.," which Dr. Mary Sullivan has written for Messrs. Putnam, deals with the influence of the Court Masques on the theatres of the time, and incidentally refutes the picturesque old tradition that Shakespeare and his fellow actors were counted among rogues and vagabonds. The volume will be fully illustrated.

An Anthology of "Cambridge Poets: 1900–1913," is to be published in October by Messrs. W. Heffer & Sons. The selections for the volume have been made by Aelfide Tillyard (Mrs. Constance Graham) and Sir A. T. Quiller Couch will contribute an introduction. Cambridge claims to possess a distinct school of Poets, one at least of whom has produced work of high and enduring value. Some thirty of these are to be represented in the volume, and many of them now appear in print for the first time.

A centenary that has been allowed to pass with little recognition is that of the birth of William Edmonstoune Aytoun who as part-author of the "Don Gaultier Ballads" delighted folk in the mid-part of the nineteenth century, and as author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" is sure of lasting fame. It was on June 21st, 1813, that Aytoun was born, the son of a Writer to the Signet and friend of Francis Jeffrey and others of the early *Edinburgh Review* circle. Though circumstances and the wish of his father drove young Aytoun into the study of the law—so that he himself at length became a Writer to the Signet—from his mother the poet received the heritage of a delight in the old ballad literature of Scotland that no doubt largely influenced the bent of his genius. After starting life in a London lawyer's office—he declared that "though he followed the law he never could overtake it"—Aytoun went to Germany to study its language and literature and returned to Scotland with a translation of the first part of "Faust," only to find that there were four other versions which had just been published or were about to appear. Though he

allowed himself to become tied to the law when his ambition led him to hanker after a literary professorship, Aytoun did not stifle his taste, and the habit of verse-writing in which he had indulged as a boy led him on to notable literary achievement. He became a frequent contributor to *Maga*, and in 1832 published his first volume of poems. In the same year, too, he first met Theodore Martin, with whose name his own was to be twinned in collaboration.

Mr. J. A. Moroso.

It has been said that if a man wishes a thing strongly enough he may attain to it, and Aytoun might be cited in proof of the contention, for in 1845 he was appointed Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the University of Edinburgh—to the very professorship which years earlier he had named to his father as the goal of his ambition. Not, however, as lawyer or professor is he best remembered. His highest title to fame is perhaps to be found in the slender volume of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," a volume which stamps him as the most notable of the immediate successors of Sir Walter Scott. Such splendid rhetorical poetry as "Edinburgh After Flodden" is likely to last as long as the patriotic feeling to which it gives expression, for it grew out of the writer's inmost emotions. Another side of Aytoun's work was seen in his satire-parody of the "spasmodic school," as he termed it, in "Firmilian," wherein he made happy fun of the work of "Festus" Bailey, Sydney Dobell and Alexander Smith. It was the wit and fun which found expression in "Firmilian" that had earlier drawn Aytoun and Theodore Martin together and led to their joining in the writing of those farcical ballads for the magazines which were later collected under the name of "Bon Gaultier." Not all critics will agree with Henry Morley in saying that "the whimsical imitations in these ballads of the manner of many poets was far in advance of the mere fun of the 'Rejected Addresses,'" while recognising that many of them possess in an eminent degree that combination of a feeling for fun with a sense of criticism which is essential to good parody.

Mr. John A. Moroso, whose first novel, "The Quarry," Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing, is a well-known American journalist. He has written many stories for the magazines, and has had a strenuous career first as police reporter and, latterly, as a writer of special articles for the New York Press. He has fashioned "The Quarry" largely out of his journalistic experiences, and brings in it, incidentally, a vigorous and dramatic indictment against certain practices of the American police.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

July 1st to August 1st, 1913.

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THE READER.

LAURENCE STERNE.

1713–1768.

By Professor George Saintsbury.

NOT one of the very idlest dream-problems that one may let wave themselves before the half-shut eye of the mind is, whether Sterne would or would not have liked the idea of his life being written? He had, of course, vanity in plenty; and liked few things (except philandering) better than keeping his name and himself before the public. But he was an exceedingly shrewd person: and knew very well indeed that this particular way of keeping him before the public would have its dangers. Whether there was anything really "flagitious," and therefore to be hidden, in his actual conduct may be disputed by persons who do not allow mere charity to blind or distort judgment. But he was in the habit of keeping exceedingly doubtful (or not-doubtful) company; and he was in the habit of saying, and still more writing, equally doubtful or not doubtful things. "Why will fellows write such letters?" said a good-natured critic some years ago, after a scandal of the kind. The question may be difficult to answer, save by the ancient proverb about "Needs must——" But it is certain that not a few fellows (and those not always bad fellows) seem not to be able to help it, or not to try to help it; and that this particular fellow with whom we deal was most conspicuously of their number. I have always thought that it was much to the credit of two persons who rather require additions to the credit side of their account—Hall-Stevenson and Wilkes—that they both refused the solicitations of Lydia Sterne de Medalle, to act as biographers. For they knew, better than anybody, the matter with which they would have to deal; and they knew, as well as anybody, that their hands would scarcely be likely to make any handling of it the better for his memory in the public eye. As for the wretched girl or woman herself, she has long since found her way to the particular *bolgia* of which Ham was the first recorded inhabitant, but which has received some denizens since—the abode of those who expose the weaknesses of their parents. But of late years—indeed for a very considerable time past—large new rummagings have been made into Sterniana; not, it is true, always without furnishing his defenders with some new materials for defence, but hardly ever without increasing the extent of the points where defence is necessary. Besides those who have dealt with such matter as was before them critically, without searching for new—from Thackeray downwards through Mr. Traill and Mr. Henley to the present writer—Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, Sir Sidney Lee, Mr. Sichel, one or two American investigators, and most recently, Mr. Lewis Melville have added to the material itself. And considering the letter-and-diary-writing and generally gossiping character of the time at which Sterne lived; the nature, manners, and relations in society of the man himself; the various atmospheres in which he lived and the extent to which he was in the French sense "spread" in this world—one could never feel the least surprise at fresh accessions, if not of knowledge, at any rate of tittle-tattle in the future. Whether the ghastly story of the recognition of his body on the dissecting-table be fact or fable, whether the gossip of the footman (not an ordinary footman either) about his last moments be genuine or "faked"—it is equally clear that here is a memory of a peculiar character, a person and personality to which things happen that do not happen to others. Sterne cultivated the bizarre, during at any rate the latter part of his life, with rather excessive devotion; but this devotion was at least returned, for the bizarre itself attached itself to him, and some of the forms which it took were certainly "not convenient." Now these inconvenient things have, in his case, had a nasty habit of reversing the great old dial motto—"*imputantur et* non *pereunt*." So that one always has an uneasy feeling that, when anything fresh about Sterne leaps to light, he is only too likely to be shamed.

Laurence Sterne.
From the painting by Gainsborough.
Reproduced by permission of the Salford Corporation Art Gallery.

On the other hand, though nothing of any importance has been added, or seems in the least likely to be added, to the "Works," they require less and less defence as time goes on. It was once, no doubt, a legitimate and to a certain extent useful business to point out the so-called plagiarisms in them, because in not a few cases the books borrowed from were very little known and in some deserved to be made known, because in all

Laurence Sterne.

From a drawing by Francis Cotes,
in the possession of the Rev. G. W. Blenkin, and reproduced by his kind permission.

cases the filiation of literary matters, if inoffensively dealt with, is of interest. But one of the consolations for pessimists at the present moment is that the dunce's employment of the word "plagiarism," as a terrible and final sentence of condemnation, has gone a good deal out of use. Some people, at any rate, have come to recognize that most things have been said, and that practically everything has been thought, before in substance; and that the only question is whether the present sayer and thinker has shown due skill and due individuality in his manner of thought and expression. There can be little dispute as to Sterne's having passed this latter test. Moreover, some of the queer authors whom the industry of Dr. Ferriar and others has ferreted out, would not do anybody much good if he read them at first hand. Of others, such as Rabelais, even second-hand knowledge is better than none.

So, too, of the famous black (or "blue-black") spot on Sterne's work generally. Something like an agreement that it is *chose jugée* ought to have been reached by this time. That it is not a beauty-spot by any means, there can be no question; his own particular defence of it is perfectly worthless, and indeed worse than worthless, for his own words can be turned against him. But, out of Doncaster or of Duncerania generally, the thing needs little specification, less discussion, and no floodgates or fireworks of rhetoric at all. Here again Sterne is frequently "not convenient," and he is inconvenient in a manner rather specially disreputable. If we may judge from her short but entertaining history, so was Dr. Johnson's remarkable favourite, Bet Flint. Nevertheless, that great moralist "loved Bet Flint," and said so. It is true that he did not love Sterne, and might justly find the merriment of this parson not a little offensive. But he knew that "the man" was not "a dull fellow," and said so too.

Laurence Sterne's Wife.

From a drawing by Francis Cotes,
in the possession of the Rev. G. W. Blenkin and reproduced by his kind permission.

The Old Vicarage, Coxwold, as it is to-day.

This was Sterne's favourite living, and whilst here he wrote "The Sentimental Journey."

We, more fortunate than Johnson, are far removed from any living scandal that Sterne may have given personally, and in an even better position to appreciate his work, disinfected as it is by Time, if we choose. There is indeed a good deal in those last three words, for how few people do really choose to appreciate work as work, without dragging in all sorts of irrelevant considerations! Sterne's work is very small in bulk. The whole of the "profane"—sometimes decidedly profane—part of it will go into one volume the size of an ordinary six-shilling novel, though of course with rather thinner paper and with closer and smaller print. The "Sermons" themselves do not add much, while the "Sentimental Journey," which practically gives the whole Sterne (except the upper-shelf frippery) in little, does not by itself fill a hundred and fifty by no means crowded pages. Yet, outside of the "Sermons," there is scarcely a page that is not full, and inside them there are not many pages that are empty, of such an idiosyncrasy of genius as is hard to beat, *as* idiosyncrasy, anywhere. In a certain dubious sense there is no more artificial writer than Sterne in the whole of literature. To some only partially critical temperaments it may seem as if there were no end to the successive strippings off of what Shakespeare calls "lendings," as if one would never come to the real unadulterated and undisguised quiddity. Perhaps in a certain sense you never do so come. But in the process, if you are a real critic, you discover that there has been a quiddity, nay, a quintessence, saturating all these lendings, and making them, not themselves or their original author's, but Sterne's. Goethe's extraordinarily high praise of Sterne is, as it states itself, taken from such an entirely false point of view, that it has sometimes been merely dismissed as of no value, except as a curiosity, to-day. Sterne might be important to a German of Goethe's earlier time as an enemy of "the heresy of instruction" and so forth, but he certainly has never, either in his own time or since, showed himself in that light, or performed that function, to Englishmen. Yet his uniqueness exists, and it has, as a rule, been insufficiently recognised. With him, as has been said, the curtain too often is the picture: you will get at little or nothing behind it. At least for those people who know criticism from both sides—who have conjugated the verb "to criticise" in its active, passive, *and middle* voices—the famous "stop-watch" passage is only a superlatively clever rhetorical display, not even enshrining any genuine smart of Sterne himself at criticisms. For some who have not hard hearts, who have felt "the pity of it" in life and literature keenly and often enough, the Marias and the Lefevres, and even my Uncle Toby himself, though more and more worthy of admiration in the order named, arouse, except in the last case, very little genuine sympathy, and even in that case sympathy which is dangerously mingled with amusement of a slightly satiric kind.

Yorick and the Grisette.

From a painting by G. S. Newton.
National Gallery of British Art.

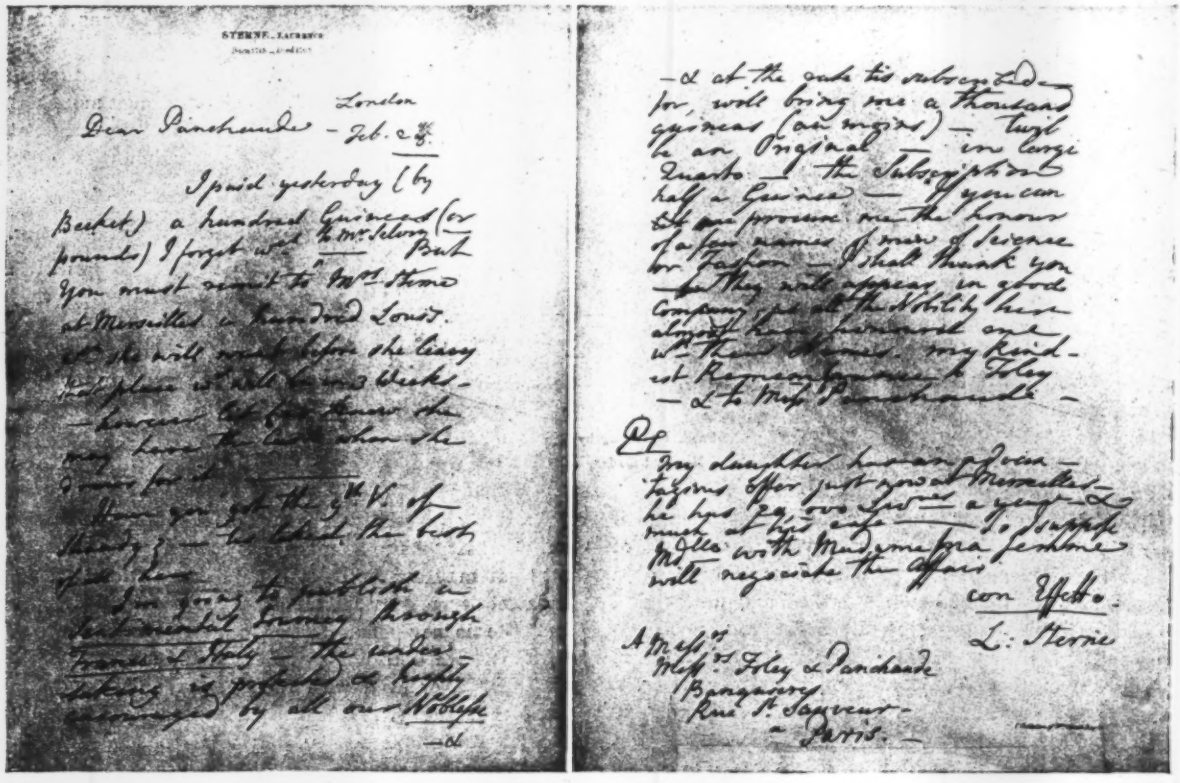
But how superlative the art of it all is! and how extraordinary is the admixture of *some* nature with that art! It may almost be said, and that without in the slightest degree contradicting what has been said already, that Sterne never fails to produce the effect at which he aims. He does not so fail with the stop-watch, or with Maria, or even with the lines of points and the marbled pages. The effect produced may not be wholly pleasing to people to-day, but it is the effect which Sterne meant to produce, and did produce, on the people of *his* day, and which soon will, or certainly in the usual evolution of things will some day, please again.

Elsewhere—in what we, perhaps presumptuously, call his "greater" efforts because they still please us without allowance—his artistic triumph is not in reality greater. We happen to be at the door when the clock-lock opens it, that is all. And elsewhere, again, he is certainly perennial; no coincidence of hour and audience is necessary.

If we had no tittle-tattle about Sterne; if he had left no letters; if we knew nothing about Kitty Fourmentelle and the "Bramine"; if he were unsmirched by the society of Wilkes and Stevenson and "Panty" Lascelles; if we had not that dreadful portrait, with its Asmodean suggestion—how different would the general estimate of him be! There would remain the fie-fie passages in the books; and one might say "something too much of this," going on to remark that even the something less might have been done in a healthier fashion. But no one except a fanatic of prudery and pudibundity would regard the fault as utterly damning in fact; and no one who knew his Voltaire would fail to detect at least an excuse of pattern in form. The mechanical oddities of typography and general make-up are, after all, but as the farcical or low-comedy element in other compositions; indeed, they are hardly more than properties and costume—the external presentation in which the author chooses to set forth his work, after all, very easily tolerated, and not unsuitable. The very sentimentality—rancid as it is to the novice—readily loses its evil savour when a sufficiently historic sense is brought to bear on it; and indeed can, by anyone who has acquired the most valuable of all critical faculties, be simply neglected and shut out. What remains? Why, such a microcosm of quaint humour; of refreshing contrast to reality where yet the artistically improbable is kept aloof with the cunningest super-realism; of comically presented humanity—as it will be very hard to find in the same compass anywhere else. In this preposterous extravaganza, with all its burlesque, all its horse-

Laurence Sterne.

From an original oil painting,
In the possession of Mr. Theodore Blake Wirgman.



STERNE—LAURENCE

London
Dear Panchaude — Feb. 28.

I paid yesterday (by Becket) a hundred Guineas (or pounds) I forget which to Mr. Stevens. But You must remit to Mrs. Sterne at Montalbert a hundred Louis. — She will want before the Easy [illegible] Weeks — however let her know the Time when she may Leave the Convent, when she is to go for it —

Have you got the 4th V. of Shandy? — Let me know the truth of that Story —

I am going to publish a Sentimental Journey through France & Italy — the subject takes — & prophecy it highly encouraged by all our Nobility

—&

—& at the same time this subscription, will bring me a thousand guineas (or more) — Tristram an Original — in large Quarto — the Subscription half a Guinea — If you can do me the favour of a few names of persons of fashion — I shall thank you — The Work appears in good Company for all the Nobility there almost have honoured me with their Names. my Kindest Regards to Foley — & to Mrs. Panchaude —

PS

My daughter Lunan & Lydia — Tristram offer just now at Montalbert he lives 20 — two Leagues & a half at most from Lyons — To suppose Mrs. Sterne with Mr. Lyons & Fenstone will negociate the affairs

con Affetto.
L: Sterne

A Monsieur
Monsr. Foley & Panchaude
Banquiers
Rue St. Sauveur —
à Paris. —

Reduced facsimile of a letter from Sterne.

From the collection of Mr. William Upcott.

(or at least pony-) play ; all its doubtful taste ; all its not at all doubtful licence; with its shadows and uncompleted characters ; its non-existent, or at least, hopelessly flawed and broken stories—there is, somehow or other, something of the Universal. It was this, no doubt, that Goethe saw, though he mistook both its character and its causes when he showered on "Tristram" the, at first sight, rather amazing epithets and phrases—"finest spirit that ever worked," "full of freedom and beauty"; "benefactor of the nineteenth century," "able to distinguish truth from falsehood," "possessed of boundless sagacity and penetration." When one has gasped a little; shaken oneself; got breath, and, so to speak, run under shelter from this storm of panegyric, one sees that what struck Goethe (what, to do him justice, generally did strike him, and made his own greatness by so doing) was the very touch of the Universal which has been mentioned. To use the word "transcendental" in connection with Sterne may seem outrageously absurd, and yet Sterne does "transcend"—by the queerest of stairs, no doubt. He is never commonplace, and he is never merely trivial in his attempts to escape commonplaceness. Almost as outrageous may it seem to mention his name in the same sentence with Shakespeare's. Yet, if you take the four great eighteenth-century novelists, though Fielding is of course, the only one who is actually in touch with Shakespeare, Sterne is nearer to the great exemplar of all human "imitations" than either Richardson or Smollett.

My Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman.
From the painting by C. R. Leslie.
South Kensington Museum.

Nor does it require charity pushed to the point of imbecility, or the forcible suppression of our too abundant information about him, or an addiction to the idle art of whitewashing, to improve the conception of Sterne, even as a man, very considerably. If we know too much about him on one side we know, in all fair probability, a good deal too little on the other. There seems to have been no really bad blood about him. *Fatigatus et aegrotus* as he was of his unlucky wife, he seems to have been very liberal to her out of no great means. Except in so far as it furnished him with reading for his miscellany, there could, perhaps, hardly have been a worse life, for such a man as Sterne, than the twenty years of sojourning in a remote country district, with alternation only to the cabals and gossip of a provincial capital and cathedral city. A larger air, a more varied society, the rubbing of shoulders with his equals in intellect, were the very things that Sterne never had till too late, and after the meaner parts of his nature had been fostered and developed, alike by solitude, by "Crazy Castle" *cochonneries*, and by the most undivine atmosphere of an assembly of average mid-Georgian divines. An early acquaintance with Johnson and a series of the more good-natured bear's hugs (which might quite conceivably have been administered to him by one who tolerated, not only Boswell, but Savage and the Herveys, Cornelius Ford, and Miss Bet Flint herself) would have been a godsend to Sterne, whose faults were after all almost wholly those of a dirty little boy, and for whom, as in the case of other dirty little boys, there could have been no such thoroughly salutary discipline as a good drubbing. The treatment must have been all the more effective inasmuch as Sterne, unlike Goldsmith, had, at least when

women were not concerned and he had not a pen in his hand, nearly as much common sense as he had genius, and would have been able to make full profit of this discipline without its making him intolerably uncomfortable at the time. Even short of such a drastic cure as this, larger, healthier, and more varied society could hardly have failed to produce at least a very considerable amendment in the general wholesomeness of his tone.

But we have to take things as we find them: and heaven knows, we might find things and persons much worse than Sterne the man, while Sterne the writer has the one condition of indispensableness—that he is practically unique. Methods so ostentatiously artificial as his may appear to be easily imitable, but who has ever imitated Sterne, not only with the least success, but without the most ghastly and preposterous failure? Now inimitableness is not quite an absolute and exclusive test of genius, for some geniuses have been imitable. But there never has been a not-imitable person who has not also been a genius, greater or less.

JOHN BRIGHT.*

By RICHARD WHITEING.

IN this substantial volume—illustrated and well indexed—Mr. Trevelyan has done his work with fairness and care. If we were not fresh from the impression of John Bright's objection to adjectives, we should say with "great" fairness and as much care. He is impartial, yet he leaves us in no doubt as to where his own sympathies lie. An honest partiality is the salt of the subject: a biography without love on the part of the author is but the dinner of the stalled ox in the same predicament. The work bids fair to take standard rank.

The writer is fortunate in his theme. John Bright stands quite apart, in his mind and in his upbringing, from most of the great Parliamentarians of his time. He was primarily a Quaker, a man with his Bible in every fibre of his being, and with the rest of his equipment, even the genius, thrown in as a free gift of bountiful Nature. The foundation of the character was sheer common sense—things seen, even the most spiritual, as nearly as possible "just as they are," and free from all bias of self-interest or of authority. The mother dedicates him in her prayers over his cradle to "uprightness and integrity," no more: "I have no wish to see my children great or noted characters." He was drawn into public life, like most of his sect, by the sense of danger alike to the public welfare and to the peace that passeth understanding. But while, with the others, it was mostly peace for themselves, his was peace for all the nations of men. The platform was the lesser of two evils, and in the nature of a compromise, free, however, from the qualms of one of the classic cases in Quaker history. It must have been a sad dilemma when a whole company of Friends putting to sea in waters infested by privateers, had to paint portholes for cannon on the sides of their ship, to induce the belief that there were ugly customers aboard. Yet, in the more colloquial sense of the term, Bright was capable of being a Shaker among the Quakers, a shaker-up of his own people into a more frank acceptance of the conditions of the life of their time. They needed it. They voted his sister out of their communion for her marriage out of their sect, although Duncan McLaren was her happy choice. They subsequently profited so far by her brother's teaching as to rescind the vote. Not only that: a dwindling membership has led them to repent of their isolation, if not in sackcloth and ashes, at least in reasonable hats for both sexes, and even, we believe, in occasional brass bands for devotional use.

His pet aversions were church establishments, aristocracies, and superfluous adjectives. Truth and simplicity, "few words, but the best," were all he sought in oratory; and he seems to have discovered eloquence as a personal possession pretty much as M. Jourdain discovered prose. He solemnly warned his sister against irony, though, as a man of genius, he was destined to fall into its snare in many a masterpiece of public declamation.

In him, in Cobden, and in William Fox, political economy found just what it most wanted—eloquence as a driving force. Cobden, as Mr. Trevelyan tells us, was argument, Bright passion, Fox rhetoric, a power never to be despised, or Shakespeare and the Bible would not be half full of it. Adam Smith and Malthus and Ricardo were not enough: their rigorous logic of doctrine still required the charm of personality. Cobden supplied this in his really Demosthenian power of hammering away at his thesis, Bright in his fine prophetic rages against all that he held wrong, Fox, not less in his own way, though, as it has proved, with less chance of reaching posterity. Bright's denunciation of the Corn Laws was but common sense in the highest. Parsons, tenant farmers and landlords had for twenty years of war enjoyed an artificial prosperity at the expense of the nation, and when peace came they clamoured for special laws to save their monopoly. The orators converted the people to the common sense of its own interests. Such errors and such conversions are the stuff of history; they change only in their forms; the arguments of Bright's finest speeches would bear close application to the political circumstances of our own time, with little but a change of name. In his opposition to the Crimean war he thunders against entangling alliances in lieu of friendship with all nations: "We are building up our Eastern policy on a false foundation—namely, on the perpetual maintenance of the most immoral and filthy of all despotisms over one of the fairest portions of the earth which it has desolated, and over a population it has degraded but has not been able to destroy." Who was right? and what was this, at the heart of it, but common sense touched by fire? We know what he had to suffer for it—the apostasy of Manchester, the insults of Tennyson:

> "This broad-brimmed hawker of holy things,
> Whose ear is cramm'd with his cotton, and rings
> Even in dreams to the chink of his pence.

What a contrast, in the majesty of its homely truth,

* "The Life of John Bright." By George Macaulay Trevelyan. 15s net. (Constable).

is one of that "hawker's" speeches delivered to a spell-bound House that meant to vote against him, but could not find the courage for a reply:

"When I look at gentlemen on that Bench, and consider all their policy has brought about within the last twelve months, I scarcely dare trust myself to speak of them, either in or out of their presence. We all know what we have lost in this House. Here, sitting near me, very often sat the member for Frome (Colonel Boyle). I met him, a short time before he went out, at Mr. Westerton's, the book-seller, near Hyde Park Corner. I asked him whether he was going out. He answered he was afraid he was; not afraid in the sense of personal fear—he knew not that; but he said, with a look and a tone I shall never forget, "It is no light matter for a man who has a wife and five little children." The stormy Euxine is his grave; his wife is a widow, his children fatherless. On the other side of the House sat a member, with whom I was not acquainted, who has lost his life, and another of whom I knew something (Colonel Blair). Who is there that does not recollect his frank, amiable and manly countenance? I doubt whether there were any men on either side of the House who were more capable of fixing the good-will and affection of those with whom they were associated. Well, but the place that knew them shall know them no more for ever."

Shandy Hall, Coxwold, Yorkshire.
Here Sterne was living when he wrote "Tristram Shandy."

His American policy was of the same cast. See where the justice of the quarrel lies; and if you must have a counsel of prudence, beware of making an enemy of the side that has the justice, and is sure to mature into one of the most powerful nations in the world. It is the pivot of our American policy now. So, too, in Indian affairs: Give the natives a chance. Govern wholly for their good. Treat them with personal respect and sympathy. The appeal rings clear through all the Indian speeches, and especially through one which an acute contemporary observer, Mr. Whitty, has described as one of the most eloquent of his day. "After Mr. Gladstone," he added, "Mr. Bright and Mr. Disraeli are now the two greatest personages with the two greatest futures of any men of their time." Oddly enough, the personal relations of Disraeli and Bright, men so sharply contrasted in ambition and character, were for a long time remarkably cordial. Mr. Bright seems to have sorrowed over the other as a fallen angel with "points," while Disraeli felt unbounded admiration for his opponent's wisdom and honesty. The account of a sort of midnight meeting between them, in which the arch contriver of conversions tried to gammon him into joining a Conservative ministry, is one of the most piquant things in the volume.

Bright's principles triumphed even in the final settlement of the Franchise; and here he carried his point even against his lifelong friend. Cobden was for the exclusive support of his own middle class, and he mistrusted the popular appeal. It is curious to note that, Quaker as he was, Bright once came perilously near a suggestion of civil war: "It would be easy to induce many scores of thousands of men to provide themselves with arms—to form something like a great national volunteer force, which, without breaking the law, would place the peace of the country on a soil hot with volcanic fire."

He was right as to the main remedy for Irish discontent—"security of improvements in the land"; and if he failed to keep touch with his Party on Home Rule, it was mainly owing to his dread of the unknown. He had no light to walk by: "so great a question has not in my time been before us." In his heart of hearts he was a statesman ever busied with the question how is the Queen's Government to be carried on? His "Manchester School" was really a school of the philosophy of high politics far more than of mere economics; and in its leading principles he rules our spirits from his urn to this day.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1913.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Sonnet.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best Poetical Epistle, in not more than twenty-four lines, offering advice, congratulations, or sympathy to the new Poet Laureate, whoever he may be.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

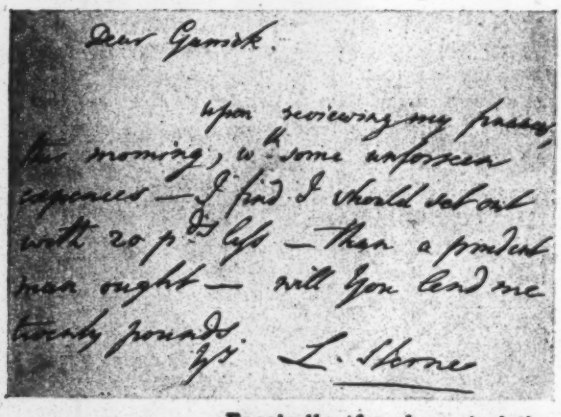
RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original Sonnet is divided, and we award HALF A GUINEA each to Miss May Jenkinson, of 122, Palace Road, Tulse Hill, S.W., and to Miss E. M. Cooke, of the Poetry Bookshop, 35, Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, W.C., for the following:

IN A BOOK-BINDING FACTORY.

Amid the throb of vast machinery
I seem to hear the throb of human thought,
The life and passion that the author wrought
Into his words of prose or poetry;
His inmost thoughts! Methinks if he could see
The whole prosaic process that is brought
To bear upon his words, he had not sought
To give them to the world so lavishly.
Nay, but the poet, were he standing near,
Would scorn the narrow thought our soul contrives
And bid us stoop, and 'neath the surface look:
Prosaic? See, there is a poem here
With pulsing beats; ah, God, how many lives
Go to the making of one perfect book!

MAY JENKINSON.



Dear Garrick.

Upon receiving my passage this morning, with some unforseen expences — I find I should set out with 20 p.ds less — than a prudent man ought — will You lend me twenty pounds. Yrs L. Sterne

Facsimile of a characteristic note from Sterne to Garrick.

THE WHISTLER.

Beside the doorway of a country inn
One stood and whistled right melodiously:
He whistled as the birds, scarce dreaming why,
Save that with all fair things his heart was kin.
And as he stood a-whistling, from within
The hostel, oft broke in upon the song
The uncouth voices of a rustic throng
Who marked the tale a wanton churl did spin.
The discord hushed, the melody would merge
Triumphant, clearer—sweeter than before,
Until a very rapture smote the ear
Of one who trod the long lane's dust-strewn verge:
So Love stands, making music at the door.
One lists perchance—the rest nor heed nor hear.

E. M. COOKE.

We also select for printing:

REQUITAL.

"Make recompense"? And how shall that be done?
What canst thou pay in blood, or breath or tears?
Canst thou release this spirit, many years
Crucified to the Past, and slain thereon?
Give me to think clean thoughts to injure none—
Give me again my old faith, that reveres
The highest—re-instate among my peers,
Call the old dark hours, set them in the sun—

Re-build the honey in the broken comb,
And fill again with myrrh the shattered cup,
To the rough sea restore the ragged foam?—
Yea, these shall first be done, ere thou requite
A body spurned, and a soul withered up—
Art thou a God, to raise what thou didst smite?

("Silverpen," Ealing, W.)

NIGHT.

The night is very holy! Mystic-wise
She rears her altar in a secret place
Occult from wanton noon's abashless face
And the unwinking stare of vulgar eyes.
Ministrant stars about the hushful skies
As acolytes await the hour of grace;
While o'er the sleep-endrenched populace
Uplifted like the Host the moon doth rise.
All nature lends her worship to the rite,
The earth her incense, and the sounding sea
Makes music on her shores incessantly
To tuneful winds on every soaring height:
Each dewy blade bends low, and every tree
Is murmurous in prayer at midmost night!

(Fred Reynolds, St. Francis', Walmer, Kent.)

THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

AFTER A LECTURE IN OXFORD ON EMPIRE DAY, 1910, BY MISS AGNES DEANS CAMERON OF CANADA.

Oxford for England gives you thanks and praise,
Brave traveller through the spacious New North-West.
Your golden picture will severely test
The dull indifference that sadly plays
Too great a part in these commercial days.
Yet we in this old cloistered sphere compressed
Delight in high heroic venture best,
And smile when Youth seeks out Imperial ways.

Young States united by that love of yours
May stand, a sturdy help to all mankind,
Against a world of ancient misery:
Then open wide the crowded ocean doors,
Let driven men at last victorious find
An Empire's flag to-day means liberty!

(Hedley V. Storey, 21, St. James' Avenue, Brighton.)

RHODOPIS.

"Rhodopis was . . . very lovely."
Herodotus 2 : 135.

For she was very lovely : in such wise
Rhodopis walks before us still to-day
As once through Memphis' market folk away
She hurried and in every place were cries
Of insolent amaze and bold surprise :
Aside she flung them all in fond dismay
For one who laboured, old and bent and gray,
'Twas Æsop saw the sunlight in her eyes.

Her kings have gone down nameless to the earth :
Dumb monuments are o'er the silent bed
Of the unknown great Shepherds of the hosts :
And she, an alien maid of little worth,
Still lives to-day because one old man said :
"The maid was very lovely." So Love boasts.

(E. J. Martin, Church Hill, Penistone, Sheffield.)

An almost bewilderingly large number of sonnets have been sent in of very varying merit, and we specially commend those received from Margaret McEvoy (Cricklewood), Ada Stow (Finchley), Harry R. King (Rathgar), Frank Dale (Saxmundham), R. B. (London, S.W.), Norman Davidge Gullick (Clifton), Elsie Mead (Burnley), Douglas C. Pearce (Red Hill), Vernon H. Porter (London, E. C.), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), M. Bach (Seaford), David S. Wadsdon (Gorleston-on-Sea), Frank Brebner, jun. (Aberdeen), Grace Ashby (Torrington), Rev. F. Hern (Rowland's Castle), H. Young (Leeds), Anna K. Barlow (Blackheath), B. Solomon (London, N.W.), Edward S. Nightingale (Edinburgh), Amy J. Brooks (S. Merstham), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), F. Noel Bursill (Battersea Rise), Mrs. Cater (Torrington), Doris Dean (Bromley), H. McQ. Thomson (Pateley Bridge), "Green Cross" (Harrogate), G. W. T. McGown (Corstorphine), D. M. Kermode (Kenilworth), Moisey Law (Bristol), S. Urquhart (Ponders End), E. F. Parr (Clifton), Lily E. Lord (Amersham Common), Gwendolen D. Harold (High Barnet), B. M. Skeat (Sedbergh), F. O. Call (Quebec), P. M. Jones (Aberystwyth), Nona Parsons (Hull), Mrs. Ormsby (Pontypridd), G. M. Fauldring (Bayswater), G. M. Mackinlay (Glasgow), Florence Bagster (Kendal), A. R. C. Eaton (Forest Gate), "Tristram" (Aberdeen), Miss M. E. Norry (Putney), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (S. Woodford), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), E. Rinnon (Hull), M. B. M. (Glasgow), Noel D. Braithwaite (Ashton-under-Lyne), H. Galleon (Upper Holloway), W. K. Fleming (Seaford), "Iris" (Stoke Newington), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), G. J. Holme (Gt. Malvern), Euphemia Dalgleish (Leith), Robert Mackay (Edinburgh), Robert W. Fenton (Birstall), K. Elsie Hunt (North Shields), Gerald Venning (London, S.W.), W. A. Lambe (Brighton), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Ernest S. Heron (Chester), "East Wind" (Co. Antrim), Eleanor Bull (Ludlow), Robert Everall (Plaistow), Margaret E. Painter (Wimbledon), Mrs. Stephen Parker (Poole), E. Irene Seaton (Boxmoor), Margaret Dunn (Hammersmith), W. Stanley Anderton (Wigan), C. R. Price (Wellington), Miss V. Gillespie (Forest Hill), "Issor" (St. John's Wood), Violet Pascoe Williams (Blackheath), Agnes E. M. Baker (W. Hampstead), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), Ethel M. Dale (Crouch Hill), Margaret Rey (Bournemouth), R. A. Caswall (Forest Hill), R. W. King (Catford), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Marcella Whittaker (Dewsbury), William Kerr (Stirling), Eveline Emily Ife (Plumstead Common), Beatrice Craig (Straidarran), B. Mulner (Tonbridge), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), H. Wakeford (Cardiff), Hubert A. Harris (Birmingham), Miss C. P. F. Ferrier (Glasgow), Miss E. M. Herring (Weston-super-Mare), Alba Longa (Upper Norwood), Dudley Stow (Finchley), S. B. Irene Bell (London, W.C.), M. M. Burnell (Ashford), J. A. S. Wilson (Edinburgh), J. R. A. Nicoll (Glasgow), Chas. Parkin (Felling-on-Tyne), Will Louden (Dunfermline), H. B. Dawes (Southport), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), G. G. Jackson (Northampton), Bernard McEvoy (Ilfracombe), Henry C. Suter (S. Tottenham), Grace M. Measham (Newcastle-on-Tyne), G. Duncan Grey (Weston-super-Mare), Marjorie W. Crosbie (Wolverhampton,) C. H. K. Kibblethwaite (Nottingham), Percy Haselden (New Brighton), A.Eleanor Pinnington (Ontario), Agnes R. Deans (Edinburgh), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), W. H. Colman (West Malling), Margaret Corry (Enniskillen), Chas. Stuart (Sheffield), David Stothart (Edinburgh), Norman Boothroyd (Batley), Mark Bowman (Kingston), Harry B. King (Rathgar), W. Kitley (Derby), A. C. Laughton (Wakefield), E. J. Martin (Sheffield), Agnes Lack (Margate), B. Vickery (Bradford), Alex. R. Horne (Peterhead), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), E. Percy Schofield (Hull), James Mitchell (Edinburgh), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), W. H. Colman (West Malling), Elizabeth Healy (Chapelizod)

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss Irene Pollock Lalonde, of 14, Forester Road, Bath, for the following :

BECAUSE OF THE CHILD. By CURTIS YORKE. (Jarrold.)

"'Bother it!' I *may*
Occasionally say."

W. S. GILBERT, *H.M.S. Pinafore.*

We also select for printing :

GOSSIP IN A LIBRARY. By E. GOSSE. (Heinemann.)

". . . SILENCE. . . . ."

HOOD, Last line of *Sonnet.*

(Rev. Arthur Golland, 4, Redan Street, Ipswich.)

THE SECRET OF NARCISSE. By EDMUND GOSSE.

"The colour of her hair."

SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra.*

(Miss S. M. Isaacson, 14, Gordon Place, Campden Hill.)

FIRST STEPS TO GOLF. By G. S. BROWN. (Mills & Boon.)

"Give thy thoughts no tongue."

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet I.*, 3.

(E. F. Thomas, 3, Rangemore, Prestwich, Manchester.)

THE SILENCE OF MEN. By H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY. (Lane.)

"Why don't the men propose, mamma ?"

T. H. BAYLY.

(S. G. Harrison, 4, Broomgrove Road, Sheffield.)

Sterne's Grave in St. George's Burial Ground, Bayswater Road.

FIRST STEPS TO GOLF. BY G. S. BROWN.

" I swore."

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyâm.

(D. H. Badland, Myrtle Place, Bingley.)

SOULS IN PAWN. BY LINDSEY RUSSELL. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

" O my prophetic soul!
My uncle!"

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet.*

(John A. Walker, 69, Grosvenor Avenue, East Sheen, S.W.)

STEPS TO PARNASSUS. BY J. C. SQUIRE. (Howard Latimer.)

" It's everlastin' waitin' on a everlastin' road."

RUDYARD KIPLING—*Oonts.*

(G. J. Baldock, " Lyeway," Ropley, Hants.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best twelve lines of verse giving advice to young poets against the use of false rhymes is divided, and we are sending TWO NEW BOOKS to Mr. J. J. Geake, of St. Bernard's, York Road, Guildford, Surrey; Two to Mr. Hadly Ford, of 12, Priory Road, Clifton, Bristol; and Two to Miss S. M. Isaacson, of 14, Gordon Place, Campden Hill, London, for the following:

ADVICE TO YOUNG POETS AGAINST THE USE OF FALSE RHYMES.

Let those, who think the poet's song inspired,
And dream of radiant Muses sweetly 'tired,
Know that his art is not an airy thing,
Many have voices—few, indeed, can sing.
And ye, who seek to climb Parnassus' height,
Think ere ye speak,—still more think ere ye write;
Guard well your words, and ponder long on each,
The imperfect pen is born of careless speech:
Who thinks great thoughts, must noble language use,—
The poet's mind is still his truest Muse.
Thus shall ye play more fair your minstrel part:—
Build as a Science;—finish as an Art.

J. J. GEAKE.

ADVICE TO POETASTERS.

Lads, let me tell you, he who woos
That coy, capricious maid, the Muse,
Should be most careful lest he wound
Her ears with inharmonious sound:
His vowels must be round and full
And for her pleasure he must cull
Chaste verses since her soul abhors
Cacophony and cockney flaws:
So I've committed every crime
To show him how he must *not* rhyme,
And should he heed this sound advice
He yet may win a Bookman Prize!

HADLY FORD.

ADVICE TO YOUNG POETS AGAINST THE USE OF FALSE RHYMES.

Oh Youth, beware the Poet's snare so temptingly displayed,
A language so replete with rhymes needs not fictitious ayed.
There is no tongue by poets songue that wider scope affauds,
Than this of ours, which oft in Verse a grateful writer lauds.

Then why should you, as now you dou, in alien pastures strey,
When every help is yours the Poet's canons to obey?
Why grieve the Miews—who holds strict views upon the point of Rhyme,
And whom you seek to glorify in rhapsodies sublhyme!

Henceforth Her law transgress no maw, but strive with all your might
Her smallest rules to keep when next a Masterpiece you wright.
Of faulty stuff we have enuff—pray do not swell the lissed!
Or else, should your career be short, I fear you'll not be missed.

MISS S. M. ISAACSON.

We also select for printing:

To pen a rhyme from mark of falseness free,
Its vowel sound should perfectly agree;
And differing euphony be heard to float
From its preceding consonantal note.
Succeeding consonants—if these appear—
Should with the self-same tone enchant the ear.
In emphasis the rhyme identic too
Should echoing fall, to be exact and true.
Then wed not *joy* with *sky*, nor *dawn* with *morn*,
From all such unions discord sure is born;
For while in accent showing no mistake,
All other canons 'twill be seen they break.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road, South Woodford, N.E.)

ADVICE TO YOUNG POETS AGAINST FALSE RHYMES.

" Spring is the season of Poetic License,"
Dear Peter, 'tis agreed; but I opine
You might have found a better word than " hy'cinths "
To finish your next line.

" More a humble curtsy than a low one."

Reproduced from one of Everard Hopkins's colour pictures illustrating " A Sentimental Journey." (Williams & Norgate.)

And when you hail that maiden Aphroditic
"Child of the Zephyrs," "Offspring of the Dawn,"
'Cold in the head, I fear'—is what a critic
Concludes from rhymes like "scorn."

Or when you tell how "many a mile I plodded"
To see the Sun rise, I am lost to view
In Admiration; but to say you "added
Labour to Labour"—Phew!

Dear Peter, if another Spring you tarry
"On this terrestrial ball," go drink your fill
Where, by the kerb, "Penny a Dishon—arry"
Echoes on Ludgate Hill.

(John D. Westwood, King's Terrace, Braehead, Bo'ness, N.B.)

Laurence Sterne.

From a painting in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne.

Good replies have also been received from Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), Frances A. Manks (Halifax), Miss M. C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Nelly Burdett (Norwich), F. Noel Bursill (Battersea Rise), Edith M. Evans (Nottingham), W. S. A., M. M. (Liverpool), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), C. W. Rodwell (Sutton-on-Hull), Jas. Kennedy (Belfast), R. B. Boswell (Bassett), Rev. J. A. Stokes Little (Fraserburgh), G. J. Baldock (Ropley), Joan Adair (Rathmines), Ada E. Mann (St. Anne's-on-Sea), E. Sumners (Dukinfield), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Miss G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), R. F. Reynolds (Llanbedr), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), Lily E. Lord (Amersham Common), Richard H. Tripp (Liverpool), H. McDonnell (Glasgow), P. J. Frawley (Coventry), M. C. Haythorne (Liverpool).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. Cyril G. Taylor, of Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire, for the following:

THE OPEN WINDOW. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. (Chapman & Hall.)

Of the making of books there is no end, but not often, unfortunately, do we come across a book of such fragrancy of thought as "The Open Window." It is the veriest trifle; yet how precious a trifle may be gauged from the knowledge that as the jaded town-dweller reads these leisured entries in the Vicar of Bramlingham's diary, the songs of birds will sound in his ears, and the scents of the flower-starred countryside come sweetly stealing to his nostrils. Mr. Thurston has woven no daintier work: the illustrations of Charles Robinson admirably emphasising the delicacy of its texture.

We also select for printing:

THE INFERNO. By AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by CLAUD FIELD. (Rider.)

Strindberg believes he escaped madness and shews he did not escape even mania. For mental specialists—let everyone else toss it on the fire—this book "realistically" pictures a sensual decadent's wearisome suspicions, Alchemy-dabblings, misogyny, omen-mongering. Finally, in a lucid interval, he sees himself truly, an example of how *not* to live, no prophet, but mere braggart, stripped before "the God who punishes."

De Quincey's record of self-indulgence is immortal because compact of genius; there is no genius here. Why translate such morbidity when Sweden has her Selma Lagerlöf, still far too little known to English readers?

(Rev. J. A. Stokes Little, The West Manse, Fraserburgh.)

THE CROCK OF GOLD. By JAMES STEPHENS. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Stephens, in creating this amazing kaleidoscope of Philosophers, Wives, Children, Leprecauns, Policemen, Peasants, Thieves and Gods, has achieved an imaginative triumph. He is by turns ancient and modern, poetic and prosaic, fantastic and sensible, joyful and sorrowful; gives us pathos and bathos; is a realist, an idealist, and—superlatively—an Irishman!

The stealing of the Leprecaun's Crock of Gold; the troubles that resulted to a Philosopher and his wife; the annihilation of time and space, from Pan and Angus Og in their caves to the modern gaol, all help to link the twentieth century with the beginning of things.

(M. B. M., Glasgow.)

OSCAR WILDE. By ARTHUR RANSOME. (Methuen.)

Mr. Ransome's finely-wrought critical study of Oscar Wilde, will, in its cheaper re-issue, gain the wider popularity it deserves. Within its small compass the author first compactly summarizes Wilde's sadly-marred life-story, then brings a fine critical faculty to bear on the careful analysis of his works. The book claims the attention of all who would gain, by the light of clear, well-balanced criticism, an intimate picture of the brilliant, bizarre personality whose work has enriched our drama and found a permanent niche in literature.

(Alan C. Fraser, Dodington, Bridgwater.)

LESS THAN THE DUST. By MARY AGNES HAMILTON. (Heinemann.)

It is ignoble to run down one's country, stupid to misstate facts, unimaginative to dwell only on the faults of people or things. Miss Hamilton, a Canadian born and bred, commits all these crimes in her crude, naïvely-constructed novel "Less than the Dust." Calèches are unknown in Montreal. Calèches with "luggage on top" are non-existent, there being no top. Brass spittoons are not "characteristically Canadian." There are Canadians who dress and speak like civilized beings. "Bush fires," do not rage in Quebec all Autumn; and she who can ignorantly decry our splendid river and the beauty of September trees deserves to have her opinions considered "Less than the Dust."

(M. G. Cook, 49, The Ramparts, Quebec, Canada.)

We specially commend the reviews sent in by Edna Smallwood (London, N.), Leo Delicati (Cotham, Bristol), Mary A. Wallis (Purley), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood, S.E.), M. C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Mary Kingdom (Leamington Spa), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Horace W. Walker (Beeston, Notts), Frank Dale (Saxmundham), E. F. Parr (Clifton, Bristol), Miss H. Whiting (Littlehampton), J. B. ffoulkes (Mellor, Derbyshire), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Frances D. Watson (Heaton Moor, Lancs.), Irene Harrison (Redland, Bristol), Margaret Rey (Bournemouth), Mary Gillott (Eastwood, Notts.), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), H. Rhoda Butt (Littlehampton), W. F. Spalding (Palmer's Green, N.), R. F. Reynolds (Llanbedr, Merioneth), Marcella Whitaker (Earlsheaton, Dewsbury), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), Phyllis Burt (Harrow-on-the-Hill), Miss E. T. Wright (Tunbridge Wells), Miss M. E. Bradshaw-Isherwood (Colchester), Florence G. Fidler (London, N.W.), Robert Brewin (Loughborough), Muriel M. B. Aikman (Glasgow, W.), Dorothy M. Horne (London, W.C.), Margaret J. Laird (Belfast), John MacTaggart (Dollar, Scotland), and Bernard Gregory (Bristol).

V.—A PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Winifred Rich, of 55, Wonfield Street, Albert Bridge, Battersea Park, S.W., and to Horace W. Walker, of 64, High Street, Beeston, Notts.

"THE BEST OF ALL GOOD LITTLE BOYS."*

By WALTER SICHEL.

THIS is the book of the early letters of Lord John Russell, who wrote so many letters on so much that guided or affected affairs. A Whig of the Whigs, he proved typical of a period which bridges over the gulf between the late Georgian eddies and the mid-Victorian backwater. Nor was he least Whiggish when on his majority he entered Parliament, through his father's interest.

When he was barely nine his charming mother (and he was blest also in a fascinating stepmother) penned a beautiful letter to him. It was addressed "To the best of all good little boys." And the best of all good little boys Lord John remained through a life exceptionally long, strenuous, and useful. He was not perhaps gifted (though so he may have fancied) with any very strong force of imagination. And he was certainly no poet, though "poetry" he published, cultivated Moore, dreaded Byron, and condemned Shelley. Perhaps, too, vision—that sign-manual of genius—not infrequently failed him, nor did he discern the strange issues to which a logic of retail reason and what may almost be styled his fanatical latitudinarianism would ultimately lead. Moreover, indecision often gave a semblance of obstinacy, or obstinacy a show of indecision, so that of many Cabinets he was the *enfant terrible*—threatening to resign—and then not resigning. But no doubt can ever exist as to his single-mindedness or distinction. If he was not big enough to be great in the sense of leadership, if sometimes theory overmastered life and his sphere was larger than his scale, in the sense of championship great he certainly was. He initiated or forwarded most of the emancipating and educational movements that grew out of his time. He deserved every prize—though never for a full year was he Prime Minister—that the Whig Academy could bestow.

The truth is that with all his endowments he was a product of that school—he tended to be didactic. Abhorring cant, politically he liked preaching. As a youth under Playfair at Edinburgh he had joined the "Speculative Society," and the habit gained on him. For him England was to prove the moraliser of the Continent—a missioner of the Whig word. The Continent never quite relishes this attitude.

What, however, makes Lord John so interesting a representative of the Russells is his comprehensiveness. Otherwise he might have been, with all his virtues, a prig. But even as the pioneer of great movements or the starter of great cries—from Repeal to Reform, from Reform to the Edinburgh Letter (outside these volumes), from that manifesto to his denunciation of Cardinal Wiseman—he combined keen contrasts. Intensely English, he was also a bit of a cosmopolitan, as befitted the brother of a diplomatist, with whom he stayed at Torres Vedras while still aide-de-camp of Wellington in the Peninsular, and one who had conversed with Napoleon at an age when most were "coaching" for a degree. Yet philanthropy never extirpated patriotism, nor did the abstract humanitarian lose his love of sport. His Puritanism was not anti-Bohemian, and directly he got out of the Parliamentary pulpit he could romp like a boy. All this belongs to the eighteenth century. Intensely Whiggish, he yet adored the great Duke, nor would he go far enough to satisfy the extreme Radicals who came to dub him "Finality Jack." On the other hand, and especially concerning Ireland and Canada, he went too far and fast for Melbourne, or even for Lord Grey. But after his militant introduction of Reform in the spring of 1831 he wished to stride no further in the direction of votes. He was firmly opposed to the ballot, to triennial Parliaments, to most of the ready-made remedies afterwards demanded by the Chartists in which perhaps Macaulay alone among the Whigs foresaw the march of anti-national Socialism. Russell always upheld a real House of Lords. "To the Constitution in all its branches," he exclaimed in 1836, "I stand pledged by feeling, by opinion, and by duty." What would he have said now, he who in 1816 regarded a high income tax as a "dreadful calamity"? By the "People" Russell clearly meant the nation at large as opposed to engrossing sections. If he could not see that the "People" meant and means different things in different mouths, if his watchwords did not always stand for ideas, they did always and admirably stand for principles. He trimmed to no popular breeze.

These pages afford many and striking sidelights on the network of intrigue that hemmed in politics from the death of George the Fourth to the close of the second Melbourne ministry. It was a strange scene with the *débris* of Canning alternately intermixed or parting with uncongenial surroundings. Gradually both Stanley and, later, Palmerston quitted the Whig ranks, and through all the kaleidoscope Brougham is descried dictating, hectoring, embarrassing. "I am quite vexed," he writes in the September of 1831 to Lord John, "at the lingering pace of our bill. But if the anti-reformers *do* stop you, at all events be loud on the *grievance*—that puts the saddle on the right horse. Instead of doing so, what are you all about? You praise the enemy for his *candour* and *fairness*! . . ."

I have mentioned Lord John's frequent threats of resignation. These happened in 1832 on Irish Education, in 1834 when Stanley declared that he had "upset the coach," in the November of 1837 as "Finality Jack," and twice in 1839 respecting the Colonies. ". . . be it as you please," he then wrote to Lord Melbourne, "I shall give in my resignation next week and state that I thought the destinies of our Colonial Empire could no longer be continued in their present hands without imminent peril, that nothing but the utmost energy and activity are equal to the present emergency, and that not finding them to exist where they ought to be found I am compelled to leave office." And students of his career beyond the confines of these volumes will remember how, in 1855, after the Vienna Conference, he actually scuttled out of the Cabinet.

* "Early Correspondence of Lord John Russell, 1805-1810." Edited by his Son, Rollo Russell. In 2 Vols. 21s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

All these are registers of a self-willed conscience, but of a conscience that does him honour.

He lived in the full swing and splendour of the world, but was never for a moment corrupted by it. Brilliant personages defile before us, and Lord John always wins and keeps their respect. He was not a wit, but wit and wits attracted him, nor was the least strange of his likings his *penchant* for Tom Moore. His delightful brother Lord William, a sparkling diplomatist, writes some of the best letters in these pages, and Rogers, too, and Sydney Smith show to advantage, but there are greater names than these in missives which Tom Moore must have handed on to his admiring friend. Among these is one of intense interest from Shelley about the changes that he was constrained to make in the text of "Laon and Cynthia," and there is also an important one from Lord John to Moore (who was then writing "Byron's Life") respecting his recollections of the "Memoirs." This confirms the story of Miss Chaworth wounding him when only twelve years old by exclaiming, "What do you think I can care about that lame boy?" while it pictures him sitting naked on a rock, "looking on the port of Athens," and records that the "Giaour" was written after his return from dances in the small hours of the morning. It is odd (in a previous letter) to find Lord John deeming "Childe Harold" more "dangerous" than Cain.

Lord John Russell.

Painted by Sir George Hayter; engraved by James Bromley; published 1836.
From "Early correspondence of Lord John Russell." Edited by his son, Rollo Russell.
(Fisher Unwin.)

Lord John's home affections were tender and unselfish, as his attached and beloved stepdaughter — only lately vanished from our midst—rejoiced to remember. Intellectually he had the quick clearness of a Frenchman. But he lacked the power of divination. He was unintuitive. "He has not comprehended," well wrote Disraeli in 1853, "that in the last twenty years the choice is between the maintenance of those institutions and habits of thought which preserve monarchy and that gradual change into an absolute democracy towards which the tendencies of the age seemed to impel Europe." Such an "absolute democracy" Lord John Russell would have detested. Yet to it, despite himself, he was to prove an unconscious contributor.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT: A Letter and some Notes.*

BY ROGER INGPEN.

THE last literary work that engaged the attention of Mary Wollstonecraft was her novel entitled "The Wrongs of Woman, or Maria," the composition of which is said to have been in progress for a period of twelve months, and although it is very short, as we reckon the length of novels nowadays, she never lived to finish it. The story, which was given the place of honour in the collection of her posthumous works published by William Godwin in 1798, is a sordid one, based on the actual facts of her sister, Mrs. Bishop's, unhappy married life, and contains not a little of her own experiences with Imlay.

Mary Wollstonecraft.

From a painting by John Opie, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

Allowing for the fact that the book might have been much improved had its author survived to prepare it for the press, it is interesting as showing Mary Wollstonecraft's solicitude to the last in the cause of suffering womanhood. As a realistic, revolting record of crime and shame, it is hardly less outspoken than Defoe. The story however has had an ardent advocate in the late Miss Mathilde Blind, whose opinion is certainly worthy of consideration; she, although not insensible to the book's defects, pays a high tribute to its merits, and says: "For originality of invention, tragic incident, and a certain fiery eloquence of style, this is certainly the most remarkable and mature of her works."

Godwin tells us, in his preface to the story, that its "purpose and structure had long formed a favourite subject of meditation with its author, and she judged them capable of producing an important effect. She was anxious to do justice to her conception and recommenced and revised the MS. several times." The story, so far as she had written it, was shown only to two persons, namely, to Godwin and to George Dyson, and on receiving Dyson's opinion she wrote to him the following letter which it is believed is now printed for the first time in its entirety, although portions were quoted in the prefaces by Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft that accompany the "Wrongs of Women" in the Posthumous Works.

From MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN.

Monday Morning,
No. 29, Polygon,
Somers Town.

[*Written probably during the summer of* 1797.]

I have been reading your remarks and I find them a little discouraging. I mean I am not satisfied with the feelings which seem to be the result of the perusal. I was perfectly aware that some of the incidents ought to be transposed and heightened by more harmonious shading; and I wished to avail myself of yours and Mr. G.'s criticism before I began to adjust my events into a story, the outline of which I had sketched in my mind at the commencement; yet I am vexed and surprised at your not thinking the situation of Maria sufficiently important, and can only account for this want of—shall I say it? delicacy of feeling by recollecting that you are a man.—For my part I cannot suppose any situation more distressing than for a woman of sensibility with an improving mind to be bound, to such a man as I have described, for life—obliged to renounce all the humanizing affections, and to avoid cultivating her taste lest her perception of grace, and refinement of sentiment should sharpen to agony the pangs of disappointment. Love, in which the imagination mingles its bewitching colouring must be fostered by delicacy—I should despise, or rather call her an ordinary woman, who could endure such a husband as I have sketched—yet you do not seem to be disgusted with him!!!

These appear to me (matrimonial despotism of heart and conduct) to be the peculiar wrongs of woman, because they degrade the mind. What are termed great misfortunes may more forcibly impress the mind of common readers, they have more of what might justly be termed *stage effect;* but it is the delineation of finer sensations, which in my opinion constitutes the merit of our best novels, this is what I have in view; and to show the wrongs of different classes of women equally oppressive, though from the difference of education, necessarily various.

I write in haste, and, therefore, can only add that if you will drink tea with me wednesday or thursday, I should prefer wednesday, I would converse with you on the subject. I am engaged to-morrow and friday.

I am not convinced that your remarks respecting the style of Jemima's story is just; but will reconsider it. You seem to me to confound simplicity and vulgarity. Persons who have received a miscellaneous education, that is one educated by chance, and the energy of their own faculties, commonly display the mixture of refined and common language I have endeavoured to imitate. Besides I do not like *stalking horse* sentences.

One word more strong Indignation in youth at injustice &c appears to me the constant attendant of superiority of understanding.

[To] MR. GEORGE DYSON,
Ironmongers' Hall,
Fenchurch Street.

[*Postmark illegible.*]

We do not know what Dyson had to say of the story, but Mary's little burst of displeasure is characteristic, and, as may be judged from the book, she was unlikely

* (*Copyright.*)

to receive an adverse opinion without expostulation on her part. An example of Mary's passionate temper is to be seen in a letter which she wrote to Godwin during their short married life, when he was absent from her on a short holiday in the Midlands.* Of George Dyson, to whom Mary addressed this letter, we know little, but that little leads us to think he must have been a remarkable man. Godwin says he was translator of the "Sorcerer," and mentions him among the four principal oral instructors to whom he felt his mind indebted for improvement, the others being Joseph Fawcet, Thomas Holcroft and S. T. Coleridge. Mr. Kegan Paul describes him as "a young man whose abilities promised much, and whose ardour for literature, and whose desire to do right seemed to give assurance that such promise would be realised. Unfortunately, violent passions and a vehement temper ruined these hopes." Godwin seems to have done what

Mary Wollstonecraft.

From a painting by John Opie, R.A., in the National Gallery.

he could to keep him straight, but neither remonstrance nor expostulation availed, and gradually their intimacy grew cold. Dyson, however, could not have been entirely estranged from his old friend, as can be seen by the fact that Mary consulted him in regard to her story, and we read that when she lay dying he was "one of the four friends who sat up nearly the whole of the last week of her existence in the house, to be dispatched on any errand, to any part of the metropolis, at a moment's warning."†

It is added that "a few of the persons she most esteemed attended the ceremony" of her burial in the Parish Churchyard of St. Pancras, and that the monument to her memory was "erected by some of her friends"; we may be sure that George Dyson was one

* "William Godwin and His Friends and Contemporaries." By C. Kegan Paul. Vol. I., p. 267. 1876.

† "Godwin's Memoirs of the Author of 'A Vindication of the Rights of Women.'" 1798.

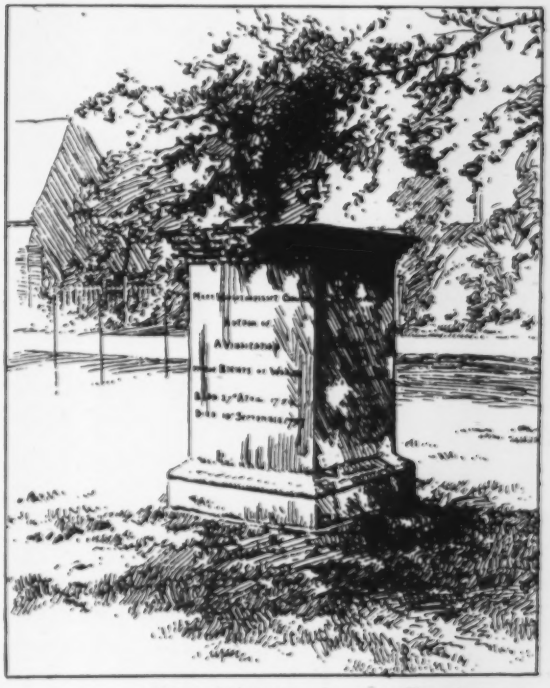
Mary Wollstonecraft.

From an engraving by Ridley after the picture by J. Opie in the National Gallery.

of those to whom allusion is here made. The inscription to Mary on the tomb is as follows:

TO MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN
AUTHOR OF
A VINDICATION
OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN
Born 27 April 1759
Died 10 September 1797

When the Midland Railway was constructed, it involved the removal of the graves of Mary Wollstonecraft, and of Godwin, who had been laid by her side; their grandson,

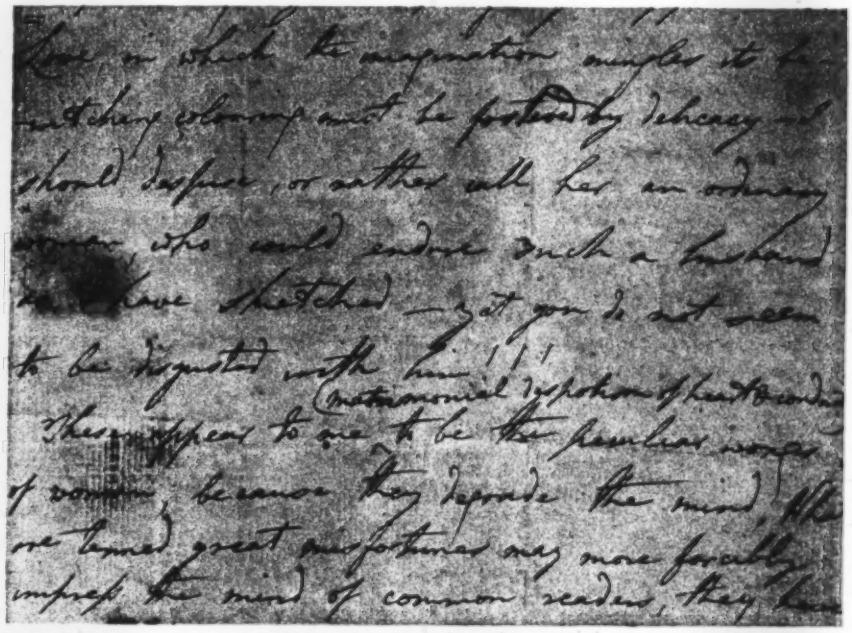


Mary Wollstonecraft's Tombstone.

Formerly placed over her grave in Old St. Pancras Churchyard; now in the Public Garden.

From a drawing by Dorothy Collins.

Sir Percy Florence Shelley, caused their remains to be conveyed to their present resting place at Bournemouth. The old tombstone, however, with the inscriptions to Mary, William Godwin and his second wife, was reinstated, where it may still be seen, in the public garden into which the old churchyard of St. Pancras has been converted. Another interest is attached to this old gravestone. On an eventful day in the spring of 1814 Shelley met Mary Godwin, then a girl between sixteen and seventeen, "in St. Pancras Churchyard by her mother's grave, and he, in burning words, poured forth the tale of his wild past—how he had suffered, how he had been misled, and how, if supported by her love, he hoped in the future years to enrol his name with the wise and good who had done battle for their fellowmen, and been true through all adverse storms to the cause of humanity. Unhesitatingly she placed her hand in his, and linked her fortune with his own."*



Facsimile of Mary Wollstonecraft's handwriting; a portion of her letter to George Dyson.

There are two portraits extant of Mary Wollstonecraft, both by John Opie, and both of them are national property. The painting in the National Portrait Gallery is probably the earlier, and it is certainly the more attractive picture. It is well known that Opie, unlike his great contemporaries Reynolds and Gainsborough, was not sophisticated enough to flatter his sitters, and therefore we probably have, in this painting, a very good likeness of the author of "A Vindication of the Rights of Women." In connection with her picture one is reminded of an interesting word-portrait in a letter of Southey to Cottle, of March 13th, 1797, in which he says:

"Of all the lions or *literati* I have seen here, Mary Imlay's countenance is the best, infinitely the best: the only fault in it is an expression somewhat similar to what the prints of Horne Tooke display—an expression indicating superiority; not haughtiness, not sarcasm, in Mary Imlay, but still it is unpleasant. Her eyes are light brown, and although the lid of one of them is affected by a little paralysis, they are the most meaning I ever saw."

This picture was formerly in the possession of William Godwin, who hung it over the fireplace in his parlour at Skinner Street, where it was seen by Robert Lloyd in 1809. It was engraved for the frontispiece to Godwin's memoir of his wife, published in 1798, and it has since many times been reproduced. From Godwin the portrait passed to his daughter, Mary Shelley; and it was bequeathed in July, 1899, to the National Portrait Gallery by her daughter-in-law Jane, Lady Shelley.

The authenticity of the National Gallery portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft has been questioned, and little appears to be known of its history. Her hair, which is represented as grey or powdered, makes her look somewhat more than thirty-seven: for she could not have been older when it was painted.

It is reasonable to assume that this is a genuine portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft, as a reversed engraving of the picture (which we reproduce) was published in 1796, during her lifetime, in the *Monthly Mirror*, and neither Mary nor Opie (to whom the picture is attributed) appear to have raised any protest or objection to the print. The picture was at one time owned by Mr. William Russell, who in 1867 contributed it to the exhibition of national portraits at South Kensington. It was subsequently purchased from Mr. Russell's collection by the Trustees of the National Gallery.

* "Shelley Memorials."

MRS. MEYNELL'S COLLECTED POEMS.*

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THERE could be nothing more expressive, more explanatory of Mrs. Meynell's unique personality in the literature of our day than the fact that her Collected Poems fill one slender volume of 117 pages, of which 65 are taken up by those precious early poems, "Preludes," which were published in the author's young girlhood. Her additional output here covers in all forty-one poems since "Preludes." While we wonder at the fertility of other writers in our days, we offer her the greater distinction of our wonder at her reticence. Who shall say if we ought to grieve or rejoice at this reticence? Whether we should grieve for the noble numbers she has not given us, or rejoice at the perfect fruition of her genius which the Collected Poems offer us, hailing it as the fruit of abstinence and self-denial? One thing is certain: with "To the Body," "Two Boyhoods," "The Modern Mother," "The Two Poets," Mrs. Meynell moves on to take her place in the starry line—not among the minor lights, but the major—a fixed star.

One might say of her as she said of her father, whose silence she has almost emulated, that from her rejections, her reticences, many poets might have been equipped. So delicate, so austere, so choice is this Muse that one has a feeling, reading her poems, as though one had stepped from the roar of London into a sunny, deserted cloister of her own Italy. Not that she is not concerned with vital topics: she is of her time, of her womanhood, of her maternity. The modern problems are looked upon by her grave eyes. But she is as still, as withdrawn, as the Muse. In a somewhat vulgar age I can imagine no more complete antidote and remedy for vulgarity than this modern Muse.

In a little prefatory note to the Poems, the later poems are spoken of as being "composed." The word is most aptly and most happily chosen. Very few things are "composed" in this age. They are made violently, whether well or ill. Composition, composure—the two words of different meaning meet in one's mind. There is composure in these poems—the composure of an ancient marble, a head of Minerva, sightless and beautiful.

"Preludes" are here almost as they were published in the poet's girlhood. The few slight alterations hardly count. I do not know any poet whose work can stand without revision as hers can. There was no immaturity in "Preludes," though there was the wistfulness of youth, of Spring looking towards the fields of corn and the Autumn and Winter she cannot discern. "Preludes" gave Mrs. Meynell her place as an exquisite poet. The later poems confirm the early verdict and enhance it. Some of the delicate lyrical quality of "Preludes"—Mrs. Meynell's poetry has never been obviously lyrical—has gone with the Spring. I think of strains of music like—

> "And when some Midsummer shall be
> Hither will come some little one,
> Dusty with bloom of flowers is he,
> Sit on a ruin in the tall long sun
> And think, one foot upon his knee.
>
> "And where they wrought, these lives of ours,
> So many-worded, many-souled,
> A north-west wind will take the towers,
> And dark with colour, sunny and cold,
> Will range along among the flowers.
>
> "And here or there, at our desire,
> The little clamorous owl shall sit,
> Through her still time; and we aspire
> To make a law (and know not it)
> Unto the life of a wild briar."

Photo by Mr. Sherril Schell. **Mrs. Meynell.**

In this poem—"Builders of Ruins"—in "Sœur Monique," in "San Lorenzo's Mother," we know this music and magic. In the later poems—not that her poems ever dance and sing, as some lyrics do—the music is more difficult. The thought is more difficult. It exacts at least a temporary exaltation in the reader towards the mind of the writer If her kingdom is not for the violent it is still less for the sloven and the careless. It lifts one to something of its own heights or it is out of reach altogether. It takes something of discipleship to follow poetry like "To the Body," "The Two

* Poems. By Alice Meynell. The Collected Edition. 5s. net. (Burns & Oates.)

Poets" and "Two Boyhoods." In these the music is fused—beats through the great poetry. One feels one's responsibility in making that epithet. The noble pleasure of praising is so apt to carry one away when one is under delight as under spells. There is a strange music as of an Æolian harp as wistful, but stronger, in "The Two Poets."

"Whose is the speech
That moves the voices of this lonely beech
Out of the long west did this wild wind come?
Oh, strong and silent! and the tide was dumb,
Ready and dumb until
The dumb gale struck it on the darkened hill.

"Two memories,
Two powers, two promises, two silences,
Closed in this cry, closed in these thousand leaves,
Articulate. This sudden hour retrieves
The purpose of the past,
Separate, apart, embraced, embraced at last.

"Whose is the word?
Is it I that speak? Is it thou? Is it I that heard?
'Thine earth was solitary, yet I found thee,
Thy sky was pathless, but I caught, I bound thee.'
Thou Visitant Divine,
O thou, my Voice, the word was thine, was thine."

Side by side with this beauty, that soars almost out of sight, there are simplicities. There are modernities as well as the eternal verities. This is a modern muse, for the poet is of her moment and her day. She is not lost, not out of sight in the ether in which she sings. She has the modern responsibilities which in the old days were for the priest and the poet. She has the "great grave griefful air" of Pompalia, as she is like her—

"Careful for a whole world of sin and pain."

These Collected Poems have finality. One imagines Mrs. Meynell will not collect her poems five years hence, nor ten years hence, like the too-fluent of these days. Before this time she has come to be judged by her peers. Perhaps Francis Thompson used the final and fitting phrase for her—which lovers of poetry will know for themselves. But those who delight in derivations may turn to that portrait of Mrs. Meynell's father in "The Rhythm of Life," recalling as they read Francis Thompson's—

"Memnonian lips
Smitten with singing from thy mother's East."

If great men have had great mothers is it not equally true—may it not be equally true—that great women have had great fathers? Might not this which she wrote of her father be written of her with inessential alterations?

"It was a common reproach against him that he never acknowledged the obligation to any kind of restlessness. The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, but as he did none there was nothing for it but that the kingdom of heaven should yield to his leisure. The delicate, the abstinent, the reticent graces were his in the heroic degree . . . He was not inarticulate: he was only silent. He had an exquisite style from which to refrain. The things he abstained from were all exquisite."

New Books.

THE GODS ARE ATHIRST.*

In this brilliant and remarkable book Anatole France creates for us the atmosphere of the Revolution. It is a story of Paris in '93, that climax year of the Terror, and it impresses us so strongly because the author makes us see how it was that ordinary and high-minded men drifted little by little into the wildest orgies. The hero is one, Gamelin, a young painter of austere moral character, who, with the most exemplary intentions, develops into an atrocious and bloody-minded fanatic. In his personality one feels that Anatole France has given one the key to the mad suspicions of the Terror. These lovers of the State, of abstract justice, and of fraternal love, could never believe that others were as disinterested as themselves, and could never believe, moreover, that the universal peace and goodwill so desired by all could come upon earth until the last "traitor" had been sent to the guillotine. Here, in the contrast betwixt Gamelin's private and public life, and in the clear picture we have of the progressive stages of his fanaticism, we grasp the strange and contorted reasons of the Terror. Anatole France has lifted a corner of that veil just as Dickens lifted a corner of it in "A Tale of Two Cities." For the atmosphere of both books is curiously similar to a point—and, because of that, all the more convincing.

I have called Gamelin the "hero" of the book, for the story pivots round him; but perhaps the real hero is the old doll-maker (ex-millionaire) Brotteaux. He is the sort of man very dear to the heart of Anatole France—a kindly, sceptical, voluptuous cynic, who enjoys and despises life, and whose chief remaining pleasure is reading Lucretius. Anatole France has drawn the type in various books. Brotteaux ends as, indeed, Gamelin ends, in the usual way—under the knife of the guillotine. It is a fate very apt to overtake the characters of this work, although a fair sprinkling are left alive at the close. For it is a crowded canvas and many, many people slip across its polished surface. They all help towards the general impression and some of them are in themselves full of interest. There is, for instance, Elodie, Gamelin's lover, a soft, sensuous, agreeable girl, who is both attracted and repulsed by the revolutionist; and there is Madame Rochemaure, a schemer and a profligate; and there is the old Barnabite priest Père Longuemare, a saintly old man who dies bravely and is more annoyed at being mistaken for a Capuchin than at his sentence of death; and, indeed, there are a host of others I have not space to mention.

Here, as elsewhere, Anatole France displays a wealth of minute learning. He is a master of unobtrusive detail.

* "The Gods are Athirst." By Anatole France. Translated by Alfred Allinson. 6s. (John Lane.)

It is not necessary, at this time of day, to speak of the exquisite preciseness and finish of his style. In fact, in a translation, however distinguished, it would be hardly fair to do so. But what may puzzle some English readers is his ironic attitude towards life, out of which peeps, ever and anon, a glimpse of the cloven hoof. It may puzzle them, and it may displease them, but to students of Anatole France it is a delight for ever.

RICHARD CURLE.

WILLIAM MORRIS.*

Much has been written about William Morris, but he was a man whose personality was so clearly more than any one of his activities, that a book such as Mr. Compton Rickett's is by no means a superfluity. For it is neither biography nor pure criticism, but an attempt to give what the author calls "the personal equation of Morris."

For this purpose he has divided his book into five sections, dealing respectively with "The Manner of Man," "The Poet," "The Craftsman," "The Prose Romancer," and "The Social Reformer." The first is, of course, in a manner preliminary to the others, and, with Mr. Cunninghame Graham's very characteristic introduction, forms the most interesting part of the book. It contains stories, certainly, which one has heard before, but they were worth repeating, and the effect of the whole is to confirm the impression given by Mr. Mackail and, perhaps more vividly, by Lady Burne-Jones in her life of her husband. Morris, apart from what he did, was one of the most striking of the nineteenth century personalities. More than any of them, he overtopped his achievement. It is for this reason that he has become something of a legend, and we turn to information about himself with greater zest than to his writings.

One wonders, indeed, how long Morris will outlive the personal tradition. The inevitable reaction, which will come some day, towards romance will probably lift him to a high pinnacle of fame, but it is curious that he is read as much as he appears to be by a generation which loves realism and phychological analysis. For Morris eschewed these things with a thoroughness almost unparalleled. Mr. Compton Rickett says that he took little interest in the individual, which is a remarkable characteristic for a modern artist. It was not one which he shared with Rossetti, who, for all his remoteness and the dreamlike quality of much of his poetry, could, when he chose, portray human character with relentless truth. Nor would it seem to have been innate in the author of that fine piece of analysis, "The Defence of Guenevere." It cannot be said of so sincere a worker as Morris that his work was produced on a theory, but he certainly arrived at a slightly artificial attitude towards life which affected all his activities. For Mr. Compton Rickett's book is only divided into sections for the sake of convenience. Though his work was so varied in kind, it was practically homogeneous. Primarily he was a designer, and he applied his sense of design not only to wallpapers but to poetry, and ultimately to life. The result was a certain flatness in his conception of both. "The Life and Death of Jason," and "The Earthly Paradise" have often been compared to tapestries; and even "Sigurd the Volsung" is only pattern of a more vigorous rhythm. But we cannot regard wallpapers and poetry in the same way. A wallpaper or any other work of pure design is successful not when it attracts our attention, but when it becomes an enhancement, only subconsciously apprehended, of our well-being. Poetry requires not only our full attention, but also time, and when it is as voluminous as "The Earthly Paradise" a great deal of time. If one had to look at a wallpaper for as long as it takes to read "The Earthly Paradise" one would become a lifelong devotee of distemper. This, of course, is an inaccurate comparison, but it does indicate a real weakness in Morris's literary work, whether prose or poetry. The charge, admitted but justified by Mr. Compton Rickett, that there are no mountain-peaks in his poetry, cannot be lightly put aside. We require mountain-peaks in poetry.

Morris seems to have believed that by making his art impersonal he would socialise it. But the only poetry that lives is the intense expression or else the vivid portrayal of individual life. The mistake was akin to his mistake about life, which he embodied in "News from Nowhere," that charming idyll of unutterable boredom.

Nevertheless, Morris was a great man because he was a great idealist. His ideals may not be ours, but we must acknowledge their fineness. His poetry, his social theories, even his craftsmanship may grow out of date, but so long as there are men alive who knew him in the flesh, and are capable of transmitting some of their enthusiasm to the world at large, his personality will be remembered and reverenced. Mr. Compton Rickett's book, cavil as we may at some of the criticisms in it, contains delightful pages of personal reminiscence.

Mr. A. Compton Rickett.

Not its least valuable part for the student of the Victorian age, is the "Analytical Biography." Divided into four columns, headed "Events in Morris's Life"; "Social Political, Religious"; "Literature and Art"; "Comments"; it forms a skeleton, which it requires only a moderate degree of imagination to clothe with flesh, of the intellectual activities of a great epoch and their effect on a mind at once receptive and creative. Some of the details given, if considered by themselves, are trivial, but they all have their significance in the scheme. It was a great age, and Morris, if not one of its greatest figures, was at any rate worthy to stand in their august assembly.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "William Morris: A Study in Personality." By Arthur Compton Rickett. 7s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

GOLDWIN SMITH'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

Mr. Goldwin Smith was fortunate in his friends. They included many of the eminent men of his time, and with

* "Goldwin Smith's Correspondence." Edited by Arnold Haultain. 18s. (T. Werner Laurie.)

those in England—as the selection of letters collected by his literary executor shows—he maintained assiduous correspondence after he went to Toronto and settled down at The Grange. From his Canadian retreat he pronounced judgment on the affairs of the world, holding his opinions strongly and expressing them with unbounded confidence. Although the collected letters do not arouse affection for the writer, it is evident that he had the power of grappling friends. This is shown by the cordial and admiring address signed by some old Oxford friends and others, including the Duchess of Albany, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. Most of the letters in the volume are from Goldwin Smith himself. There are only a few from the distinguished persons to whom he writes. The reason for this is obvious, and while the interest in a sense is lessened by the one-sidedness of the correspondence, it brings into unrelieved prominence the opinions of a man who had certainly great energy of mind. According to Mr. Frederic Harrison, "anything Goldwin Smith wrote for publication or of serious purpose is worth careful consideration—and that whether one agrees with his conclusion or not." This is the justification for the volume.

"Assuredly," says Goldwin Smith's literary executor, "he was really a great man." Yet he was deficient in charity. It is also claimed that he was "a most far-seeing man"; yet he made confident predictions which were completely falsified. Writing in 1881 with reference to the Liberal succession he says that when Mr. Gladstone goes "it is likely that there will be a Whig Ministry in which Lord Derby, the arch bell-weather of all safe men, will be a leading personage." The description of Lord Derby is good, but the prediction was short-sighted. Goldwin Smith was mistaken also as to the fate of Canada. "Within ten years," he wrote in 1878, "unless some strange turn of the tide takes place, Canada will be where she ought to be—in the Union." "The certain end is annexation," he said in 1880; and again in 1883 he wrote of that "which must come or ought to come, and which the true interest of the English people would lead everyone to wish should come—the union of Canada with the continent of which Nature has made her a part." Thirty years have passed since then and Canada remains a loyal portion of the British Empire.

Contempt was excited in Goldwin Smith by the flunkeydom (to use his own word) which was prepared to throw itself at the feet of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise when they went to Canada. He wrote to Mr. Gladstone and others in disgust at sickening scenes of flunkeyism. "Toronto," as he informed a friend in 1879, "is just now in a paroxysm of vulgar flunkeyism, called forth by the visit of the Princess and her husband. My wife proposed to me at once to fly and I readily consented, though I should rather have preferred to stay and stand aloof. We left all our neighbours (literally) practising presentation bows and curtseys for a monkeyish imitation of a 'drawing-room' which the Princess was to have." But in 1881 there is a letter from the Marquis of Lorne, thanking "Dear Professor Goldwin Smith," for "your most pleasant and interesting gift. Some of the Essays are old friends of mine and others will be companions in my mind now that you have allowed me to make their acquaintance."

Almost all our leading statesmen for two generations excited Goldwin Smith's spleen. Disraeli was "thoroughly vile," "a political sharper," "an unscrupulous trickster and liar." "You are an incorrigible Coriolanus," wrote Goldwin Smith to Lord Salisbury in 1870, and more seriously in 1881 he accused him of intemperate vituperation. Lord Randolph Churchill was "the spawn and ape of Dizzy." Goldwin Smith corresponded with Mr. Gladstone and visited him at Hawarden, but lost sympathy with him on account of his Irish policy, and exchanged sympathetic letters with his old friend, Lord Selborne, concerning the Liberal leader's loss of conscience and "senile craving for power." "Gladstone is unspeakable," he wrote in 1890. Mr. Chamberlain as a Radical seemed to him very mischievous. He saw England in 1885 "put up to Dutch auction by Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain," and he deplored the "demagogic falsities which Chamberlain, Morley and Co. pour out." There is a letter from Mr. Chamberlain in 1887, saying that if he went to Canada he would look forward with pleasure to the opportunity of seeing Goldwin Smith. Subsequent events, however, led to a renewal of the censor's severe strictures. During the Boer War Goldwin Smith, in denouncing it, described Mr. Chamberlain as "an amazingly clever but a shallow and vulgar politician," and he derided "Kipling and his crew" as well as Mr. Chamberlain's "pack." Mr. Chamberlain was an "arch-intriguer," and his whole career, according to a letter to Lord Rosebery, written at the outset of the Tariff Reform Campaign, had been that of a plunger, while the writer commented to another correspondent on "the imbecility of Balfour, the weakest Prime Minister that England ever had, at all events since the Duke of Newcastle, in the time of George II." Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman for a season enjoyed his favour, but he told Lord Mount Stephen, in 1906, that though a skilful party manager "C.B." was not a statesman.

Even about contemporary authors and their books Goldwin Smith had usually something severe to say. He thought that Froude's imagination, "which particularly loves to play with matrimonial infelicities," had greatly exaggerated the Carlyle-Ashburton scandal. When Matthew Arnold wrote to him about "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" Goldwin Smith read Drummond again, "and for the second time I laid him down with the reflection that he was most ingenious, but too good to be true." Nine years later, writing to a lady who had brought Drummond's "Ascent of Man" to his notice, he said it seemed to him like Mr. Kidd's theory, to be a crude fancy which dazzled and would pass away. There are several letters from Matthew Arnold. In one, written on the eve of his resignation of school inspectorship, he said: "One or two things in verse which all my life I have wished to do, I am now probably too old to do well; but on this point I hope the inward monitor will inform me rightly if I make the attempt to do them. One of them is a Roman play, with Clodius, Milo, Lucretius, Cicero, Cæsar, in it; Arthur Stanley was always interested, dear soul, in this project."

While Goldwin Smith's letters do not lead us to love the writer or to credit him with generous mindedness, the frank comments on the events of forty years, written by one in communication with eminent contemporaries, have naturally much piquancy and some value. The date, "January 11th, 1868," at the head of the letter (on p. 11) to William Riviere, is evidently wrong, as it contains a reference to the election which did not take place till the end of that year, but, on the whole, the work of the editor has been done carefully. He has refrained from making too many notes. The letters as a rule, explain themselves.

A. MACKINTOSH.

OUR VILLAGE.*

Mr. W. J. Roberts has written a fresh biography of Mary Russell Mitford, because "her name is not a familiar one to this generation." There is not very much fresh material in the book, but there is some, and it is welcome. He has produced a good workmanlike biography. The illustrations are good and the book is handsomely produced. It is instructive to compare the ten portraits of the author of "Our Village." Mr. Roberts calls her life "The Tragedy of a Blue Stocking." The worthless father was the black shadow that filled the great part of her years with care and trouble. He was a handsome, kindly, selfish gambler, who skulked through life sponging on wife and daughter for a home, for the payment of the cost of his extravagant habits and for the liquidation of his gambling debts.

When she was ten years of age her father decided to buy her a lottery ticket and she selected 2224 because the

* "Mary Russell Mitford: The Tragedy of a Blue Stocking." By W. J. Roberts. 10s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

Miss Mitford's Cottage at Three Mile Cross, as it is to-day (1913), with the sign of The Swan Inn on the one hand and Brownlow's shop on the other.

From "Life and Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford," by W. J. Roberts (Melrose).

separate figures when added together made up the number of her years. Strange to say, this ticket was drawn for the prize of £20,000. But worthy Dr. Mitford appropriated to his own uses this sum which would have secured his daughter's comfortable independence for life. She was a precocious child and read the "Théâtre de Voltaire" when she should have been engaged in harp practice. There was no real harm done, for Mary and her father both suffered from a complete incapacity for music. Her reading was as extensive as it was varied, if we may judge by the fact that in one month she drew from a circulating library fifty-five volumes of fiction, belles-lettres, travel and biography. She was then a young woman in her twenties. Like most young authors Mary Mitford began with verse. Her second book, based on the history of the mutineers of the *Bounty* was submitted to Coleridge whose alterations were not accepted without hesitation on the part of Mary, whilst they excited the indignation of her mother. The father's imprisonment for debt in 1811 made it increasingly important that literature should yield money. The one book that securely remains of her work is "Our Village," and yet when some of the sketches of which it is made up were submitted to Thomas Campbell for the *New Monthly Magazine*, he unhesitatingly rejected them! When they appeared in the *Lady's Magazine*, they at once sent up the circulation in a most gratifying manner. Her excursions into the drama were less successful; her "Foscari" involved much labour and repeated revision, and was rejected unconditionally by Macready's manager. Yet when, later, it was produced it was successful. "Julian" brought her £200 from an eight-days' run. Her "Rienzi" led to an attack on Macready in *Blackwood*, and to a serious breach with that sensitive and easily offended actor. Her "Charles I" was submitted by the licenser of plays to the Lord Chamberlain for his judgment, and as Cromwell was not represented as merely a vulgar hypocrite, the Duke of Montrose had no hesitation in prohibiting its performance. And his successor the Duke of Devonshire felt bound by the action of his predecessor not to remove the ban! But he accepted the dedication when, after its success at the Victoria, it was printed. In 1837 she received a State pension of £100. Her father died in December, 1842, and his debts were paid by a public subscription. His wife had predeceased him and Mary was now alone. It is pleasant to think that after so many years of worry and anxiety, due, it has to be remembered, to the complete selfishness of her father, whom she idolized, the latter years of her life were peaceful and happy. After more than three-score years mainly spent in strenuous toil, but sweetened by many gracious friendships, and lightened by an inveterate optimism, Mary Russell Mitford, fittingly known in her own locality as the "Kind Lady," entered into rest, leaving behind a fragrant memory. Of her, more than of most, it may be said that her very failings endeared her, so that even the scorn for such a worthless character as her father is turned away by the warmth—the extravagance—of his daughter's filial affection.

Mr. Roberts' book is destitute of an index. Why will authors and publishers present to the reader nearly four hundred pages bristling with the names of persons, places and books, without the slightest clue to their whereabouts? It has been proposed to make an indexless book a penal offence; it is certainly an outrage on the amenities of literature. It is a melancholy fact that her biographers, Lestrange and Chorley and J. T. Fields (who as a model publisher ought to have known better) also refrained from indexes. It is surely an elementary fact in the art of sane book production that a volume dealing with a multitude of facts should have an index, and a good one. They are blind to their real interests who neglect this duty.

Mr. Roberts refers to Miss Mitford's great "and deep-seated objection to Mrs. Beecher Stowe:

> "It arose principally from disapproval of certain derogatory statements about Lord Byron and his matrimonial relations which Mrs. Stowe had expressed to friends of Miss Mitford's, and which, after Miss Mitford's death, were published in the work entitled 'Lady Byron's Vindication.' . . . Thus, when 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was published in this country, Miss Mitford refused to give any credence to the revelations it contained."

This theory will not hold water. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was published in book form at Boston in March, 1852, and was immediately reprinted in this country and was bought by the public as fast as the publishers could produce copies. In 1854 appeared the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin" which furnishes circumstantial evidence for the truth of every statement as to the horror and villainy of American slavery. Mrs. Stowe met Lady Byron in 1853, and later had an authorised communication, but it was not until 1856 that she received from her the full statement which was published in 1869. Nor was Mrs. Stowe uncharitably disposed to Byron before she heard his widow's narrative. That she did not condone his vices because of his genius is quite true, and is certainly not discreditable. It will be an evil day when it is held that obedience to the moral law is only for the stupid. "The ten commandments will not budge" even for the brightest heaven-born genius. Let us be charitable, and make every allowance for temptation, but we have no right to blur the distinction between

Right and Wrong. Miss Mitford speaks disparagingly of Mrs. Stowe from the first, could not read her book, but—condemned it. She was badly informed as to the politics of slavery in the American nation and spoke of it as "a point which all the world knows to be its chief difficulty" at a moment when the slave-holders gloried in the "peculiar institution" and defended it by the foulest methods. A price was set on the head of Garrison and "abolitionists" went in daily danger of lynching. Miss Mitford speaks of Webster's defence of slavery and of his refusal of the Presidency, when he died, as most people think, mainly of the chagrin caused by the refusal of his Party to nominate him, and of the moral indignation aroused by his attitude, an indignation that found expression in Whittier's poem of "Ichabod." Did Mary Mitford ever read those famous lines in which he laments Webster's downfall?—

"Of all we loved and honoured, naught
Save power remains,—
A fallen angel's pride of thought
Still strong in chains.
All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honour dies,
The man is dead!
Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!"

Why Miss Mitford judged Mrs. Stowe adversely without reading her book is a mystery and so is her dictum that "Cranford" is a caricature. Such perversities show that even the sweetest temperaments may have their lapses into detraction.

The British Museum Catalogue records seventeen different books from the pen of Mary Mitford, not counting works of which she was the editor. There must also be many contributions to periodicals which have never been collected in book form. Her biographers do not seem to know that an early "Ode to Consumption" by her appeared in the *European Magazine*. The winnow of Time has scattered most of her writings into oblivion. Even "Belford Regis" is not kept in print. But one bright jewel remains, and "Our Village" endears to this generation as to its predecessors the gentle spirit of Mary Russell Mitford.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

NOVELISTS OF PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE.*

It is said that conscience makes cowards of us all; but I venture the proposition that there is more than one kind of conscience. There is, for instance, the literary conscience: that inward monitor which resides in the mind of the critic and forces him to express his honest opinion even in the teeth of his own former prejudices and prepossessions. And speaking only for myself, of course, such literary conscience as I possess, instead of making me a coward is more inclined to make me over-bold.

Thus I am irresistibly impelled to say that that book on my list which is the worst from one point of view is the best from another point of view.

In "The Gay Adventure" and "In Old Madras" we have the sort of typical yarn which our present-day novelists of every grade and order are turning out at the rate (I think) of dozens a week. They mostly attain a certain rather high level of workmanlike excellence. They are all worth reading—if you have nothing better to do, and the hammock in the garden, the deck-chair on the beach, or the boat on the river, call to you to bask in the sunshine and to read so long as you can keep your eyes open.

Mrs. B. M. Croker is, of course, an old hand of established reputation, from whom one always expects and as invariably gets a good story, well-told, of a kindly turn of humour, shrewd yet tender, and alive with bright dialogue. In this, her latest novel, she has to tell of a modern Quixote who went out to India on an obviously impossible quest. The book moves briskly and easily from incident to incident, always maintaining its interest, but chiefly notable—as all Mrs. Croker's stories are—for its vivid and diverting pictures of Indian life, and for its faithful presentment of the various phases and types of Anglo-Indian society. Incidentally she gets in plenty of dramatic action and one real thrill of horror toward the end. Indeed, the only thing I don't like about her book is its eccentric punctuation, which is sometimes so very eccentric as to obscure the sense of her words. Mrs. Croker scatters commas over her pages as from a pepper-pot.

Then there is Mr. Richard Bird—a name new to me—with his "Gay Adventure." There is, to my taste, something slightly unpleasant in the tone and flavour of this book. The hero is rather a bounder and even a bit of a cad at times. He belongs to the type that kisses and tells. And, besides, one imagines him as being far too much engrossed in a woman's lips and ankles and not sufficiently impressed by the glory of her eyes, the splendour of her soul. But this is not said in any spirit of very strong disparagement. Mr. Bird knows his business thoroughly, and has given us in this novel just the kind of story for a long hot afternoon.

"Lu of the Ranges" and "The Heart of the Hills" belong to a different school of art altogether. They are planned on epic lines, and one of them at least—"Lu of the Ranges"—only just misses greatness. There is a poignancy and a power in the art of Miss Eleanor Mordaunt which, I should say, will carry her very far in the future. She has the large view and the broad methods of a real seer of life. In the space at my disposal it is quite impossible to give you any adequate idea, not only of the scope of her story, but of its force and beauty. She has too a fine sense of character which only suffers perhaps from an occasional tendency to over-emphasis, over-elaboration. But this is after all a fault on the right side, for it is better to be too definite than too shadowy and vague. And anyway "Lu of the Ranges" is distinctly a book to buy and to treasure—as the vast majority of Mr. Heinemann's publications are.

"The Heart of the Hills," which is plainly by a well-versed and practised writer, is an American production, and has all the peculiar distinction of style and form which characterizes so much of the work of modern American novelists. This is also a good book, and yet it does not quite (as the saying goes) come off. The opening, for instance, is a little confusing and hard to follow. Too many people of the same kind are introduced in too quick succession and not clearly enough differentiated, so that it is rather difficult to sort them out. But once this preliminary obstacle is overcome I can promise you nothing but most excellent entertainment.

And now I come to the book, "The Drummer of the Dawn," which I have already described—though not out of any love of paradox for its own sake—as at once the worst and the best book on my list. It is the worst because it is the most crude; it is so obviously written by a very young man who has not yet by any means mastered the technique of his craft and who has not yet found the measure of either his strength or his weakness. And yet it is the best book because it is the most individual and therefore the most promising. In the course of about twenty years' novel-reading and novel-reviewing I have never read a book which has more deeply impressed me with a sense of its intrinsic originality. As I have hinted it is full of faults. It is now and then almost banal in its vain striving after effect. And yet I repeat that it is, notwithstanding its many and painful blemishes, stamped and gilded with the hall-mark of genius. I would just like to quote one passage in justification of this high praise.

The scene is Morocco, but only a small part of the action of the story takes place there:

* "The Drummer of the Dawn." By Raymond Paton. (Chapman & Hall.)—"In Old Madras." By Mrs. B. M. Croker. (Hutchinson & Co.)—"The Gay Adventure." By Richard Bird. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons.)—"Lu of the Ranges." By Eleanor Mordaunt. (Heinemann.)—"The Heart of the Hills." By John Fox. (Constable.) 6s. each.

"Aping-Ayres gritted his teeth, for he knew now they were going to torture him if he did not consent.

"It may have been at Chelsea, or it may have been at quiet little Orpington, seeming now so far away, that Aping-Ayres had first learned to address his Maker. His lips moved, whilst a wild prayer was silently uttered that he might have the strength to go through and die before he consented.

"Al Aarasch sneered. 'The Nazarene calls upon his God,' he thought. 'We will see if his God will help him greatly.'

"Yes, Al Aarasch, and all such as you, despite the written detractions of a few, and the professed unbelief of many, the poor tortured body of Him whom little Tinwhumpinny had called the Poet Son of the King of Kings, whose every wound has had the priceless power to uplift five continents for two thousand years, which has likewise the power to lift for ever all the cruelty, all the hideousness from the lives of women and little children, to protect them, alike with strong men, will have the power now to help this man whom you call a Nazarene, and whom you despise because he is utterly at your mercy.

"By the unutterable torture of the cross, by the deep-hammered nail-marks, and by the Holy crown of thorns will he be delivered, whatever you do to him.

"The dear White Christ was ever the Friend of the Helpless, and will abide with him, now and always.

As the discerning will observe for themselves, even this short passage has its lapses from perfect taste, its touches of extravagance and vain-glory; but, even so, it has a quality of simple dignity and elemental force which I think gives it very high rank as a piece of purely literary art.

"The Drummer of the Dawn," is mainly about a wonderful boy—little Tinwhumpinny—a boy who succeeds in being precocious without becoming boresome. There is also Aping-Ayres who is saved from shame and ruin by his love for little Tinwhumpinny. There are many others, all finely and delicately and yet most strongly limned. And above all there is one character, that of an old clothes man, as horribly haunting as anything I have ever read, even in Edgar Allan Poe. This figure stalks through the book like some ghastly spectre, some evil genius, with an effect of Greek tragedy.

But you must buy "The Drummer of the Dawn," and read it for yourself if you want to be able, a few years hence, to sit with the prophets and boast that you also were present at the *debut* of the new literary genius, Raymond Paton.

EDWIN PUGH.

RAHEL VARNHAGEN.*

"Rahel was not a brilliant writer; no great practical achievement can be credited to her; there was nothing conspicuously romantic about her life," as Mr. Havelock Ellis says in his introduction to this book; yet she has her place among the great women who have played no small part in the social history of the world. She was the Madame de Stael of Germany; and Carlyle ranked her above Madame de Stael. Unquiet spirits of her time who were seeking after some higher way of life than that prescribed by custom and convention frequented her salon and found inspiration in her friendship. She anticipated many of the ideals and ideas that are the driving force behind the feminist movement of our own day; and the strength and originality of her character lay in a certain noble simplicity and the fearless frankness with which she gave utterance to the most unorthodox and revolutionary of her thoughts. Her opinions on marriage, her theories of morality (that squared very much with George Eliot's) must have startled the puritanical; but how are you to think anything but good of a woman whose husband could say that he had found her "the most innocent, tender, pure, delicate, upright and pious person he had ever known; the most chaste in the highest sense of the word?" He said: "the genuineness that underlay all Rahel's life and actions was so great that beside her all others appeared commonplace," that she had "acuteness, wit, imagination, sense, a pure enthusiastic view, the noblest veracity, but the innocence and *naiveté* of this truthful human heart are the most beautiful things my eyes have ever beheld."

It is not in her writings, but in herself, in her rare personality that the world still takes a living interest. Ellen Key ranks her as "the greatest woman the Jewish race has produced; to my mind also the greatest woman Germany can call her daughter." The one book of hers which counts is that containing her letters; these without any magic of style retain so much of the charm of her personality that her biographer can say there is no other woman's book in the world's literature, except Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poems, that she would be more sorry to do without.

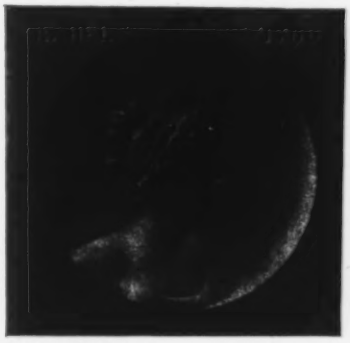


Photo by Bruckmann.

Rahel Varnhagen in 1796.
From the bas relief by Friedrich Tieck.
From "Rahel Varnhagen," by Ellen Key (Putnam).

Ellen Key's aim has been to give not so much a biography as a portrait of this remarkable woman, and it is an aim in which she has been brilliantly successful. Her portraiture is at once sympathetic and impartial; it explains and justifies a character that needed some explaining because of its very simplicity. We recommend the book to all who support or oppose the woman's movement, for Rahel Varnhagen was one of its pioneers, and her spirit lives in it still.

* "Rahel Varnhagen." By Ellen Key. With an Introduction by Havelock Ellis. Translated by A. G. Chater. 6s. net. (Putnam.)

THE ROMANCE OF REPORTING.*

Nowadays, says Mr. Frank Dilnot on the first page of a very pleasant book of reminiscences, the newspaper reporter is diplomat, business organiser, detective, man of affairs and politician all in one. It is reassuring to find, in a later chapter, the opinion that he is also a humanitarian and light philosopher; that to hard ability such as that sort of plurality implies he should add the temperament of a literary artist. Diplomacy, business and politics are in constant need of critical watchfulness from what is known as the human point of view, and there is this difficulty about it, that the pluralist is first of all a piper, and the man who pays the piper calls the tune. As Mr. Dilnot says candidly, the modern reporter "has an almost religious devotion to the cause of his paper," and "puts it first at whatever cost to himself." The ideal thing would be that he should put the public interest first always, and be quite free to write his impressions. I think that, generally, he might do so with immense advantage to the public interest, for his occupation is one that ripens and balances good men uniquely. "The Adventures of a Newspaper Man" attests the fact.

Not being free, the adventurer too seldom takes life at all seriously. How should he? If ever a public wrong begins to trouble him, he is sure to be relieved of it next day or the day after. There is always something new. So he tends to become—unless a man of uncommon courage and character—the light interpreter of life from a romantic but conventional standpoint. He may "do things" in passing. Nowadays he often does. But they are not such things as make the reputation of a prophet, a poet, or even a reformer. His reward is the adventure—and his salary, which is sometimes that of the diplomat. Still, at his lightest he serves the public in a way, indispensably; not only making the daily picture of life, but by his alert intelligence enabling us to keep some check on the powers that be. Let his heart be sound, and even the cause of his paper will be kept in check sometimes, to the edification of honest men and women.

The charm of Mr. Dilnot's book is due precisely to the sound heart he carries. His adventures befel in the service

* "The Adventures of a Newspaper Man." By Frank Dilnot. 3s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

of Carmelite House, but hardly breathe the spirit of that emporium, being told in a leisured way very happily; indeed, they include an indulgent but quite unequivocal character sketch of its founder and sprightly despot. While working without resentment under the light masterfulness of Lord Northcliff, the author has kept an unaltered personality of his own delightfully. To my mind, he makes too much of a wonder of that variable man, and abstains too kindly from a judgment of him; for one is obliged to pass some judgment upon a busy schemer of such influence and public ambition. However, it is part of the book's merit that comment is left to the reader. An honest humanitarian and light philosopher of admirable temper, Mr. Dilnot sketches in his adventures modestly, content to show their human interest. The reader is freer than he may recognise; for it is done without a trace of that strain for effects which often marks the superficial sort of journalism, and makes it valueless. The aim is to be impersonal. One grows aware of a very broad, wise, and sunny nature, but hardly suspects the strength of it. That, if you think, is a good reason for trusting Mr. Dilnot's faculty of observation, which is singularly keen, fair and broadcast; "a little sceptical," as he says the Press worker is, "but kindly, unpretentious, and full of understanding."

Can the interest of a reporter's life be ever made as great for others as it is for himself? Was such a book of reminiscences worth putting together? One gets at a fair answer, I suppose, by considering what would be the value and fascination of such a book dealing with the first ten years of the nineteenth century. "The Adventures of a Newspaper Man," pleasant reading now, is worth keeping for a hundred years. Its contents are intimate if trivial history. It is none the worse for including, with stories of distinguished men and pictures of Parliament and of Irish electioneering, the Moat Farm mystery, the Crippen trial, the battle of Sidney Street, ghosts and revivals in Wales, or the visit of Ohio girls. Three chapters on Russia will soon, in the natural course of things, have the kind of interest that belongs to French memoirs of the Regency; and there are numberless clear snapshots of common life in England that will some day look extremely quaint, one hopes a little shameful. The problem is, to imagine how this sort of literature, which has a permanent and increasing value, is ever to be weeded out from the mass of rubbish.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

FRANK HARRIS'S SHORT STORIES.*

There are stories in Mr. Frank Harris's new book that will compare not only with the best in his own "Elder Conklin" volume, but with the best that have been written by any living author, and perhaps the most finished and finely pathetic of them is the shortest and the slightest. It is "The King of the Jews," and takes the form of a conversation—or, rather, two conversations—between Simon of Cyrene and his wife. They live outside Jerusalem, in the time of Christ, and Simon has a chance of obtaining a situation as doorkeeper of the Temple. His wife is anxious that he should be there in good time to see the High Priest, and sends him off with due instructions and advice. Late in the day he returns, tired, curiously distraught, and she grows irritated with questioning him and not getting any coherent reply as to where he has been and what has happened, until at length he confesses he has never been to the Temple—he had forgotten to go. Meeting her questions confusedly, he explains in a fragmentary fashion that when he reached the street leading from the Temple to Golgotha he could not cross it because there was a great crowd, and as he stood in the crowd three criminals were taken past on the way to execution, one of them a rebel who was said to be a prophet, and as this one came opposite to him he fell under the weight of the cross he was carrying, and a Roman soldier, seeing Simon looked big and strong, bade him take up the cross and carry it; and carrying it to Calvary and standing there watching what followed, he had forgotten everything else. The whole incident, the way in which this prophet had looked at him, the few words he spoke to him, had touched Simon strangely, and, as he relates it, all the man's emotion, his profound sense of the wonder of what he has seen, communicates itself as subtly to the reader as it did to Simon's wife. That is all; but it is done perfectly, with a simplicity and naturalness that make a vivid, most poignant picture of it. There is even a quiet humour in the wife's feminine reasons for her curiosity, yet the tenderness, the reverence, and the beauty of it are complete. Next to this one would place "The Miracle of the Stigmata," another story of the Christ, reverent, subtly suggestive, and vividly realised.

With the exception of "The Holy Man," which is founded on a story of Tolstoy's, the other tales are of modern life in England, but though none of them is a tale with a purpose, each has an idea behind it, a mystical, inner meaning, that adds something to the pathos or the humour of it, and gives the shrewd cynicism of one or two of them a kindly, human significance. They are the stories of a man who knows life and men and women, and has grown largely tolerant of their weaknesses, so that if he laughs at them now and then it is not without sympathy, not without knowledge of what they lose in losing their ideals and aspirations. There are nine stories in the book, and they are written with an imaginative and emotional power, an economy of words, and a delicate narrative art that in these or in any days are no common gifts.

* "Unpath'd Waters." By Frank Harris. 6s. (John Lane.)

HERE AND THERE IN MEXICO.*

It appears that Mr. Pollard had in Mexico a variety of experiences, whereof the most interesting from our point of view are those when he was acting as correspondent of an American newspaper during the latter days of Don Porfirio's term of office. Evidently Mr. Pollard is a good Maderist, who resents, as everybody should, the cold-blooded treachery of General Huerta, the provisional

* "A Busy Time in Mexico." By H. B. C. Pollard. 8s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Photo by Walter Bennington, 14, Conduit Street, W.

Mr. Frank Harris.

President. The most weighty paragraphs of Mr. Pollard's book are devoted to a consideration of Mexico's future and the Monroe doctrine. A few weeks ago there was printed in the *Spectator* an admirable article on this question, which pointed out that the United States must either be prepared to enforce law and order in these parts or else admit European nations to the task of at least protecting their nationals. Part of Mr. Pollard's book is devoted to Chiapas, in which tropical State he began his experiences; the ride to a coffee plantation is interesting, but one is a little bewildered as to how the speaker of "execrable" Spanish on p. 15 can say on p. 47, alluding to one Jackson, an American naturalist, assistant to the professor of a college at Tehuantepec, that "he knew little Spanish, and I had to interpret for him: he wanted the native name of everything in sight." All this occurred while Mr. Pollard was, for a few weeks, in Southern Mexico. The more valuable portion of his book deals with the outbreak against Diaz, of which we as yet know so little. By the way, Mr. Pollard is properly suspicious of the gentlemen equipped with mining and other concessions—it was one of the great objects of Madero's Government to investigate the legality of these—but he is even more severe on the rubber plantations. The gigantic tree under which "our director" has often been photographed is situated, we believe, in the State of Oaxaca on the way to the Valle Nacional, but down in Chiapas there is at least one extremely successful rubber plantation, owned by an American company, which began operations long before the existence of that Pan-American railway which Mr. Pollard rightly does not admire. It is a pity that Mr. Pollard did not visit this plantation, where in the twilight he would have taken his ease to the music of the marimba and in the daytime he would have seen a great number of large rubber trees. Mr. Pollard's remarks as to young, inexperienced Englishmen being sent out with no particular qualifications are eminently sensible, but how many of them would fail anywhere? And the stranded book-keeper of a coffee finca, up in the mountains of tropical Mexico, may not be more unhappy than a book-keeper who toils in the city of London.

We notice that Mr. Pollard advises travellers to go by the Royal Mail instead of by the German line of steamers; this is indeed an extraordinary piece of advice, as the Royal Mail would be the first to admit. Their boats to Mexico are exclusively for cargo, and they take much longer time to reach their destination. The Hamburg-American line, on the other hand, have an excellent fleet, and in case Mr. Pollard is anti-German he can go by the French boats from St. Nazaire. He can also go from Santander on the Spanish vessels. His remarks on outfit and so forth are sensible, but it seems hardly adequate to finish off the subject of "Art and the Natives" in three pages.

Mr. Pollard left the country at the same time, though not on the same ship, as the old President, and previous to that he had participated in an attack on the rebels, which is full of interest. One thing seems to be certain; he does not describe what he did not see, for which reason we doubt whether his despatches to the American newspaper were received with joy. Orozco is not mentioned save in the appendix, although he was Madero's Chief of Staff; but Mr. Pollard when he recounts those details of the Revolution which he himself witnessed is entirely satisfactory. Chihuahua was the scene of much of the fighting, and from there he gives us one or two photographs, but no details. Perhaps Mr. Pollard is too modest to attempt an account of the whole movement, and as an unpretentious chronicle this book is distinctly meritorious. There should have been a map.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

Troops Guarding President Diaz's House in Calle Cadena.

From "A Busy Time in Mexico," by H. B. C. Pollard (Constable).

THE FRUSTRATION OF ANNA.*

Who is Angela Langer? I do not know, and Mr. Courtney does not tell me. The name is on the title-page of this remarkable book, and again, in facsimile signature, beneath the portrait-frontispiece. And the portrait is one of rare and sombre charm. It is impossible not to associate the author with her heroine, Anna. And who is Anna?

The girl who is least heard of to-day is she whose heart is to herself a timeless sanctuary, where Love is the priest of the religion of womanhood—that dateless, undoctrined religion of self-reverence, self-knowledge, and self-control to which true womanhood adds an ineffable beauty, and a mysticism that we may not explore. Such is Anna. She is one of the women whose hearts flower once and perfectly, or never; who are prepared to give all or keep all; whose self-fulfilment only one event can bring, but whose self-sovereignty a thousand cannot shake. Such lives as Anna's are still lived in this age of resolved demand for all that life can give, and the value of this simple record lies in its statement that Woman can yet distil the last perfume from her last frustration.

Anna is the daughter of a struggling German shopkeeper, who begins her conscious emotional life by looking with profound respect at her father's stock of soap and candles and brushes, and by watching with joy the unpacking of his Christmas consignment of fancy chocolates and sweetmeats. Mr. Courtney does well to beg the reader not to put the book down because its earlier chapters may seem to be compact of everyday trifles. Their effect is cumulative. We read of Anna's school-goings, her school-fellows, their games, her father's declining business, and several removals. We read of her first disillusion when her little friend Hilda utters the withering and

* "Rue and Roses." By Angela Langer. With Introduction by W. L. Courtney, LL.D. 6s. (Heinemann.)

ineffaceable judgment: "Your drawing-room looks ridiculous"; and of the dreams in which she heard the echo of the catechism: "Must all people die?" "All people must die."

With Anna's growing wonders and perplexities comes the instinct to commune with herself through the medium of verse. This shopkeeper's little daughter, this future maid-of-all-work and under-nurse, this more future governess and student, forms the instinctive habit of expressing herself in poetry. In her first situation she is detected by her mistress writing her verses on the empty sugar and rice bags which are stuffed into a kitchen drawer. Her mistress demands the name of her lover, and Anna is hardly able to convince her that certain lines are addressed to a prince whom she had seen only in dreams. "'Oh!' she exclaimed, and, rising with a yawn, she left the kitchen; but at the doorway she turned round once more and said: 'As long as you know him only in your thoughts he can do you no harm.'"

These words become a tragic prophecy in Anna's career. She goes from one situation to another, is tortured by accounts of growing poverty at home, and is shocked and wearied by sordid surroundings and glimpses of evil. But she takes lessons in English, reads books, and lifts and refines herself until she reaches the status of a governess. And now she meets *him*. He is a young man of thirty, a friend of the family in which she is teaching, and given to sententious utterances like the first with which he favours her: "Intoxication or regret—which is the greater of the two?" But his attitude to her poetry is definite; he helps her to develop it in thought and form. In a word, he is admitted to the outer temple of Anna's heart. Then:

> By and by I began to think of him whether I saw him or not; his face, his figure rose like a blazing question from the midst of the strange, wistful dreams that I had dreamt all my life, and something that had lain within me, dull and senseless like a trance, woke, wondered, and trembled into joy."

It is now and onwards that the simple story gathers poignancy, and moves to a crisis not the less real because utterly divested of external drama. Advised by her friend, and helped by him, Anna comes to London, and one is touched by the outward petty difficulties of a foreign girl in London seeking straight paths and hiding intimate joys and sorrows. It is now that she begins to read English poets and to find responses to her feelings in Milton's "They also serve who only stand and wait," and in Byron's

> "Ah! Love was never yet without
> The pang, the agony, the doubt."

It is in the British Museum, after looking at a mummied king, that she reflects, with fast-saddening wisdom," that there does not exist a real self—that God has not finished His creation yet—that we are the means towards an object, but not the object itself."

At last Anna must put the supreme question to her friend at Buda Pesth. It disguises itself as: "Do you think I may come back?" The days creep by, and at last bring her answer:

> "If you had remained here, I do not know what might have happened; if you come back, I know what will happen. But the question is, may it come thus? You are not a girl of the ordinary type; you belong to the race of Asra, the people who die when they love. And because I have known you from the first, I have done for you what I have never done for another woman yet—namely, got hold of the head of the beast within, turned it round sharply and laughed at it."

Whatever this meant in the writer, or whatever comment it deserves, its meaning for Anna is clear and final. For roses, rue; for the open door, the closed. She makes to herself a gospel of dignity and peace. At least he will never forget, will never cease to desire and lament. The cup will not be drunk, but neither will its dregs be reached. And amid the wanderings and disgusts of life he will not be able to break the thread that was never knotted. In the death of hope Anna finds at least the peace of death, but also, in however low vibrations: "A wisdom which reigned over all former wisdom, and a love which reigned over all former love." A book, you will perceive *for* the times, rather than *of* the times.

It may be that the long-drawn detail of a girl's outward and inward struggle would have gone better with the help of a drier and sharper humour, and that the end will suggest to the reader the material of a self-contained poem rather than the completion of a story; but by its *naïveté* and sincerity, and by a certain curious and haunting isolation, "Rue and Roses" takes a place in the memory from which it will not be dislodged.

WILFRED WHITTEN.

GOLDSMITH.*

Mr. Padraic Colum is to be congratulated on his selection from the works of Oliver Goldsmith, and it is no disparagement of it—quite the contrary, to claim that no one who has for the first time made more than a casual acquaintance with Goldsmith through this book, will be satisfied until he has made himself master of everything that Goldsmith has left to us. Mr. Colum is always stimulating and not infrequently provocative. A critic should be a judge, holding the balance of evidence evenly, and not an advocate concerned only with the defence of his client, and for some reason of late it has been deemed necessary to defend Goldsmith, already an immortal. Whether Goldsmith spoke Irish or not matters little now; what does matter is that he wrote the purest and most fascinating English of his time. That is and surely ought to be enough for us. Mr. Colum charges Goldsmith with being "unable to surmount the crisis" in "The Vicar of Wakefield"; "his only solution is to legalise the relation of a young woman to her seducer." True it is an old convention; it still exists, and Mr. Colum does not suggest an alternative. What he does not seem to realise is that natural acts, the result of natural love and passion, are not necessarily criminal. The author of "My Irish Year," should surely be aware of this and not adopt in this regard the crude morality of the Irish peasant, which owed its origin to an alien tyranny.

Mr. Colum is at pains to prove that "Sweet Auburn" was really inspired by an Irish village, and in this he fails. There is not and never was a "Sweet Auburn" as Goldsmith depicted it, in Ireland, and least of all, in the eighteenth century. But there was, and is, thank God, many a "Sweet Auburn" still in England, as he who roams the downs of Surrey or the Weald of Kent can testify. The whole poem breathes the atmosphere of the English village life, and is full of its beauties described in detail:

> "The decent Church that topped the neighbouring hill,
> * * * * *
> The whitewashed wall, the nicely-sanded floor
> The varnished clock that ticked behind the door."

And again:

> "Ill fares the land to hast'ning ills a prey
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

This last quotation might be taken as conclusive proof that Goldsmith was thinking of England, whether he wrote of Ireland or not. But whether one quarrel with Mr. Colum or praise him, he has done a good work and we are grateful.

H. A. HINKSON.

THE MULBERRY TREE.†

"The Mulberry Tree" is inferior to "Letters to My Son," because Miss James, not having so much to say, must needs select, in compensation, an exotic and extraneous

* "Oliver Goldsmith." By Padraic Colum. Regent Library. 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

† "The Mulberry Tree." By Winifred James. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

perspective, by which to say it. Her new book, says the publishers' recommendation, is no ordinary record of t avel. Indeed, her saunterings through Jamaica, Haiti, Costa Rica and Panama might as well have been through Bayswater or Laputa, for all the garnerings of relevant and specific information she affords us. Except by way of the camera, she ignores geographical and ethnographical illustration, otherwise than as a pendant to a mood, a setting for a reflection and an excursus of fancy. Of course, this is no animadversion upon Miss James's material, its values and sympathies. If she chooses to savour her meditations with the spice of the tropics, that is no loss to their quality. Neither is it intrinsic gain—rather a seasoning, aromatic, but not one that leavens. Her style, her ideas, do not suffer from contact with the West Indies, but from a dearth of substance, from irrigation by only one somewhat sparsely-flowing, though hard-working, channel of thought. Miss James's work is, indeed, no criticism of life, but of temperament. It belongs, in its most prominent phases, to the autobiography of ideas, to a school, literally of self-expression and personal revelation and one which has successfully philandered with the heart of this generation. In short, she makes the most—to cite one of the hoariest *clichés* of the day—of "that elusive quality, that rare thing, charm." Her writing directly and consciously dramatises her personality; so that we are out of sympathy with the detractors who brand her style as artificial. It is not—and however wayward, tangential and capricious; however prone to self-conscious whimsies and quiddities; however embroidered and subject to odd divagations, it is inevitably the reflex of herself; at times of a superficial, at times of an intimate self, but always obedient to the law of that self-hood. Her pages are not stamped with a style at all; they are the receptacles of the broken meats of individuality. She serves no canons and acknowledges no traditions but her own; a factor which, as an artist, is at once her bane and her deliverance. Her mannerisms and affectations are perfectly natural to her and, in a nature so naïvely incapable of self-criticism, almost immaterial. She must have carte blanche for her garrulity and her vagaries and "there's an end on't."

It is a truism that the successful author will not let well alone. Like the octopus that bows to the oceanic law of supply and demand and grows an additional tentacle, so the author, yielding to the popular clamour rather than to imperious inspiration, reincarnates his talent and multiplies himself to keep his reputation swept and garnished. It would be unjust to Miss James to label "The Mulberry Tree," as an extra window-dressing to gratify the insistent customer, an encore squeezed out of her to still a ravenous applause. She is, as we said, too dependent upon her personality to be forced to mechanise it. Nevertheless, there is the element of relaxation about it. Compared with "Letters to My Son" and "Letters of a Spinster," it is little more than play, light-hearted, fanciful and slight; witty and sensible; lively and crisp. There are lacunæ in the entertainment, notably an open-minded advocacy of humaner divorce laws and an eloquent indictment of the domination of the black by the white man, expressed with penetration and freedom from prejudice. But she is soon back at her gambols—pleasantries, gossip, diversion and anecdote—all of it entertaining enough, but a little too casual and discursive. It is superfluous to carp at her lack of intellectual grasp, at a certain wilful renunciation of wisdom and knowledge, so determined is she to be taken at her own valuation, so disarming is her candour. She is a baffling exemplar of the confessional spirit in literature, the feminine diarist who at once focuses the attention and exhausts the patience. For all that, an estimate of her which neglected her independence and veracity of mind would be but partial. There is evidence in her books that the society which is her foster-parent would regard many of her *dicta* on social matters as anathema. And there is no more arduous and perilous a campaign than to combat current opinion.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

Miss Winifred James.

Frontispiece portrait from "The Mulberry Tree," by Winifred James. (Chapman & Hall.)

JANE AUSTEN.*

The attractive "Memoir" of Jane Austen, which her nephew, the Rev. James Austen-Leigh, published about forty-three years ago, is not likely to be superseded, being the work of one who, in his youth, was intimately acquainted with her. But since that book appeared a good deal of information with which he does not seem to have been familiar, or of which, at any rate, he made little use, has become accessible, as in the two volumes of "Letters" edited by her great-nephew, the first Lord Brabourne, in 1884, or in other letters used for the first time in the volume now issued by the son and grandson of the author of the "Memoir."

This new life is really a bringing together of the biographical matter contained in the two publications already referred to (though not, save for quotations, in the same words), supplemented by such fresh facts or evidence as the novelist's family have been able to discover during recent years. To the keener students of Jane Austen's history and tradition there may not be very much that is at once new and important, though there are a good many pages that fill in with events or probabilities, gaps in the life-story of one who saw perhaps less of the world than any other imaginative author of equal distinction.

Every writer on Jane Austen's personal history has, of course, devoted some attention to the question whether she was ever "in love." The present book seems to reply, for good and all, that she never was, in any serious degree. Half the tales of her love have been repeated from Sir F. H. Doyle's story, in his "Reminiscences," of a foreign tour made by Jane, with her father and sister, in 1802, during which they became acquainted, in Switzerland, with a young naval officer, between whom and Jane mutual affection speedily developed. The officer, while crossing the Alps on foot, over-tired himself, and died of

* "Jane Austen, Her Life and Letters: A Family Record." By William Austen-Leigh and Richard Arthur Austen-Leigh. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

brain fever. Sir F. H. Doyle's authority for this story was a lady who had heard it from a niece of Miss Austen's. The authors of the present book cannot identify any niece who could have told such a tale, and as for its truth, they have as many good reasons against it as counsel usually find in drawing a statement of defence. Firstly, no shadow of such a tradition remains in the family; secondly, the Rev. George Austen could not possibly have afforded the tour; and, thirdly, the usual change of air and scene for the Austens was enjoyed that year at Dawlish.

A much better authenticated story, now given, tells us that Jane became engaged one evening, in that same year of 1802, to a man with whose family her own had long been friendly, but that she broke off the engagement the next morning, having become convinced that she had made a mistake, and could never be happy with this old friend.

This incident was related by her niece, Caroline, who also recalled another little story, which she had heard from "Aunt Cassandra," that at some seaside place a gentleman had "seemed greatly attracted by my Aunt Jane," that when they parted company he "was urgent to know where they (the Austens) would be next summer," and that "soon afterwards they heard of his death." The "impression left on Aunt Cassandra was that he had fallen in love with her sister, and was quite in earnest."

Are we not justified, with only these records to go upon, in saying that we have no evidence that she ever had a serious love affair?

Once more in these pages we are reminded, and very properly, of that typical bit of spiteful gossip, Miss Mitford's account of Jane Austen's husband-hunting ways. The author of "Our Village," tells us that her mother, before marriage, lived near the Austens, and knew Jane as "the prettiest, silliest, most affected, husband-hunting butterfly she ever remembers." As Mrs. Mitford married and left her home near the Austens when Jane was just ten years old, it would seem that neither she nor her daughter can have been very particular, the one about facts, or the other about "verifying her references."

The accounts included of the several novels are full of attractive bits of reminiscence and tradition. It is interesting to hear that when "Northanger Abbey" was first offered to a publisher (in London, and not, as has generally been supposed, in Bath), it was probably entitled "Susan," with no reference whatever to "Lady Susan," that curious novel of letters, which added so little to the author's fame, and which she herself decided not to publish. A valuable appendix on the text of the novels, several pedigrees, and a bibliography, are features of this book. As a frontispiece the "portrait of Jane Austen," attributed to Zoffany, is reproduced, so much more clearly than in the first volume of the "Letters," that one wonders if the difference between ordinary photography and photogravure is alone responsible for the change. It must be added that when Lord Brabourne gave this portrait he seemed to have no doubts as to what "Jane Austen" it represented. In the present instance we are told that there was another Jane in the family, whom the picture may represent, but that, on the whole, there is good reason to hope that it is an authentic portrait of the novelist. This doubt, also, must remain open.

W. H. HELM.

CROQUET AND CARICATURE.*

I think it was Solon who said "Count no man happy till he be dead." But I say "Count no man celebrated till he be caricatured." Most men and women in the public eye would rather be laughed at than ignored. And Mr. Crowther Smith, in the preface to this clever gallery of prominent croquet players, very neatly hints at this common passion.

"If anyone should experience disappointment," he says, "at not finding themselves amongst the caricatured, I trust they will understand that it is not due to any lack of merit on their part, but rather to the fact that there are only twenty-six letters in the alphabet."

Mr. Crowther Smith is a genial humorist. There is no doubt a touch of cynicism in the drawing of Mr. Beaton as a wooden toy, wound-up and "making his breaks like a clockwork machine," as there may be too in that of Lord Tollemache, who is represented as playing on a lawn more fitted to golf than to croquet, though I confess that, as an honorary secretary jealous of the reputation of his lawns, I may be hypercritically reading into this last a meaning that may not have been intended. But these are mere pin-pricks which leave no lasting hurt on two such fine exponents of the game, who could, I imagine, any day turn the tables on their caricaturist by giving him a bisque or so and a beating. Certainly all interested in a game which, since its revival in "the nineties," has made such amazing advance in public favour, should invest their half-guineas on this book, for artists require encouragement as well as other people. Otherwise croquet may lose its caricaturist, and then what chance of budding Beatons or infant O'Callaghans arriving at immortality and celebrity in the future? Finally, let me say that there is almost as much instruction as amusement to be got out of this book from the stances and hand-grips of such fine players as Mr. Cyril Corbally, Mr. Izard, and Mr. Bunnell Burton, which the artist has so realistically portrayed.

G. S. LAYARD.

* "A Croquet Alphabet." Rhymed and Pictured by H. F. Crowther Smith. Engraved and Printed by Henry Stone & Son, Banbury. 10s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.*

Out of the chaos of feminist thought two separate schools are now beginning to emerge. One, led by Ellen Key, has for its objective what may be called the Greater Motherhood; the other, more revolutionary in idea, looks to the development of the individuality of the woman as the next great step in social evolution. The former, regarding the woman as the chief instrument of the life force, fixes its eyes on the race; the latter, seeing the woman as an end in herself, claims her as a human being, a gift bringer, as is the man, of achievement in thought and action. Link Action *versus* Individual: such is the antithesis.

Mrs. Gallichan belongs to the Link Action school: she regards the woman as the superior, the more important, sex, in the evolution of life: so far from being passive or secondary, she is the predominant partner. Throughout the lower forms of life it is the female who is almost always the guardian of progress and instigator of the creative impulse. She is usually more active and often larger and heavier than the male. In all the kingdom of nature the bee commonwealth is, of course, the great triumphant instance of female organisation. Throughout the book this is Mrs. Gallichan's view of the division of labour between the sexes: the female for organisation and conservation, the male for destruction. Among primitive tribes descent, for instance, was claimed through the woman and by "mother-right" was settled all the inheritance of property. At first, it was the male who left his own tribe to follow the female, and in the hands of the women was all the work of primitive agriculture and industry. It was merely the organisation of tribal war, together with the idea of woman as property, that pushed her into the position of a slave, a being dependent on the male for her support.

In many ways it would appear that Mrs. Gallichan relies too much on the certain working of "mother-right," but apart from that, she is by no means clear in showing how, from such a position of power, the women sank into subservience to patriarchal rule. Some psychological cause there must have been, for if biologically woman is the organiser and conservator, why is it that all the organisation of society during the historic period has been

* "The Truth About Woman." By C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter Gallichan.) 7s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

left to man? True, such organisation as we have is chiefly for offence or defence, for war in short; yet surely commercial enterprise should have been in the hands of the women, if their primordial instincts were so definite?

In historic plan the book is also defective for, while the position of women in the ancient civilisations is fully discussed, there is no study whatever of the effect of mediæval Christianity on woman. It is interesting to know that 4,000 years ago the Egyptians dealt with the problem of man and woman most wisely, but it would be much more useful to learn why women are what they are to-day. And what they are to-day depends on feudalism and the Revolution times. It is in its treatment of the women of the twentieth century that "The Truth about Woman" becomes really controversial, mainly perhaps because the psychology is most debatable, being of the popular and rather superficial variety.

Thus it is taken as proved that women steer their course mainly by intuition and men by reason, whereas, if we follow the history of politics, we shall find how largely emotion under the form of prejudice enters into all judgments, whether of men or women. Logic is often invoked, but seldom answers the prayer of its worshippers. Yet Mrs. Gallichan has, of course, no difficulty in showing that if women possess intuition in a high degree, they have in their hands one of the chief elements of genius. For if intuition is "direct vision," it is precisely that which, in the last resort, produces the masterpiece. Reason states the problem: intuition solves it.

Yet women geniuses are rare, and Mrs. Gallichan dreads that, by learning to reason, women will lose their gift of intuition. Probably the truth is no more than that woman possesses a certain instinctive knowledge of character acquired during the ages when her livelihood depended on her picking out the best man to feed and protect her. For what any creature is to-day depends on the way in which it has gained its living. On this line Mrs. Gallichan brings forward the most valuable argument in her book, namely, that the economic dependence of women on men has been, and is, most injurious to the race. Freedom to choose her mate, not by considerations of money value, but by human ones, is the one great overmastering plea for the economic independence of woman. Our race is one of the most miserable failures in the whole field of evolution largely because the potential mothers of it have had to put a man's income-earning capacity before his mental or physical qualities. It is this consideration apparently which has made Mrs. Gallichan a feminist.

Yet she is afraid of many things: first, of the women "intellectuals" who refuse marriage, as she alleges, for the sake of their own individual freedom. Is it not rather, however, nearer the truth to say that our society being so badly organised, they never meet marriageable men who are in any way their equals? Precisely this freedom of choice is as yet what they cannot obtain. Worst of all, Mrs. Gallichan fears—it is a fundamental dread—to let women use their reasons; she fears, too, that as the sexes grow more alike, love will lose its ancient charm. Yet, by a curious contradiction, we find her rejoicing in the position of women in ancient Egypt where, in a race that showed very little difference in facial expression between men and women, common interests were shared by both in a way which is marvellous to later ages. In fact, "The Truth about Woman" is full of the Janus spirit that looks backward often with eyes full of longing and forward with a glance of dread. It is therefore weak on the constructive side.

For the evil of woman's present position is that for ages she has persisted in taking the line of least resistance, in living by sex. Now a revolution is wrought by two powers acting in conjunction: by force from without and upheaval from within. If the changes in society during the next few centuries are powerful enough to drive women from their dependence on the male for a livelihood, then the new woman and the new age will be brought to birth, for the new spirit is abroad. Yet it cannot work successfully alone; it depends on outward changes for a momentum. On these Mrs. Gallichan scarcely touches at all, although they are already appearing above the horizon of both national and international life.

"The Truth about Woman" is very stimulating and suggestive, but its title should have been "The Half-Way House." Nor is this to cast any reflection on the work since, in feminism, none but half-way houses can be built for many a year to come.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

WAR AND PEACE.

It is claimed for Herr Wilhelm Lamszus that he is a great literary artist. This, of course, is a matter of opinion, however vivid and compelling his "document" * may be. To my mind his work lacks considerably the finish, the breadth and the depth of Steven's "Red Badge of Courage" and of some other books of a similar kind. But in work of this sort literary excellence or the lack of it must always take second place to ethical value. And both from this point and in the matter of good taste merely, there is much to be said against the sub-title, "Scenes from the War that is sure to come." For are we not entitled to ask: Who guarantees such a war?—which, being indefinite, is neither "the" nor "this." Is it the German manufacturers of war material who stand for the certainty of so devastating a catastrophe?—and whose machinations to that end have recently aroused a large portion of the German people to the horrible cause of scares and strained international relations. Surely there is something to be said against this needless inflaming of more or less dormant passions, particularly in connection with a masterly horrifying picture, the purpose of which is to arouse all Christian peoples, especially central Europe, to what would be the truly appalling result of a war that is *not* sure to come. Moreover, even if it is likely to come—Well, then, let us prepare quietly, not as irresponsible fire-aways, but as true men who know they have to fight, and who also know that the last charge will be one of victory or annihilation.

Turning again to the book itself we find that M. Alfred H. Fried (the Viennese winner of last year's Nobel peace prize) has written:

"It will become one of the holy books of humanity. I would that this book were to reach the hands of millions. Every mother ought to read it, and every man, too, whether old or young, to form his opinion of the present-day condition of things in which—an outworn atavism—war and preparations for war still continue to be the focus of political life."

This is the message of the book, a message so enormous, so altogether outnumbering the forces of war, that, if only M. Fried's "every mother," &c., could be reached and won over, war would be no more in Christendom. It is a most devout wish; one that every humane heart must echo to the full.

Here also lies the magnificent value of the book—the possibility of its moving the hearts of peoples, if it does but reach them. Its potentialities cannot be gainsaid, for it is, in a sense, as horrible a representation of a great war as written words and some natural reticence can make it. Herr Lamszus (a master at one of the big schools in Germany) writes in the first person, generally in the present tense, and loses none of the advantages, if a few of the graces, of that familiar medium. He begins by being called up as a reserve-conscript—war has been declared. He is young, and we get a hint of the parting between him and his wife and two children. Then come quick details of the mobilisation, his comrades, the barracks and transport, the camp and front, and all the welter of shot, smoke, bayonets, blood, and mangled men that any pen could contrive within 110 pages. For the work is not crude—no, not by any means; in it there is a large husbanding of power, of the almost marvellous effect of what is little more than suggestion. Yet all the whirling hell of it all is here; and as

* "The Human Slaughter-House: Scenes from the War that is sure to come." From the German of Wilhelm Lamszus. English Version by Oakley Williams. 1s. net. (Hutchinson.)

a piece of literature merely, it had better be left alone by those who are afflicted with "nerves." Mr. Oakley Williams, the translator, seems to have done his work remarkably well.

Of a vastly different kind is Mr. Perris's contribution* to the cause of peace. As secretary to different movements for the pacification of nations, and now of the British Committee that has gone to the British-American Peace Centenary, he has spent much time and care in tracing in English history, the development of the idea of peaceful arbitration in place of appealing to the force of arms. And what a slow growth it has been! As Mr. Perris says:

"It is a far cry from the Heptarchy to modern England, from the blood-feud and trial by ordeal or combat to the Royal Courts of Justice and the Hague Tribunal:"

and

"If a clue be found by which we can trace an ever advancing victory of order over anarchy, of tolerance and friendly co-operation over provincial hatreds, sectarian bigotry and international rivalries, throughout these ages, the annals of our country will be read with a fresh interest, and with a heightened sense of their importance in relation to our modern life."

And this is what Mr. Perris does in most excellent English. He shows us how the movement began imperceptibly, underlying the actions of rulers and people, till the day came when it rose above the surface of things, took on a form of its own and grew to be what we know it to be. Thus he has truly added a new interest to the reading of English history.

J. E. PATTERSON.

TALES OF THE MERMAID TAVERN.†

Mr. Alfred Noyes has certain gifts that are lacking from most of the poets of our day. You do not go to him for the mystic vision, the magic phrase, the jewelled line; his poetry smacks of the earth and the vigorous life of men, as Chaucer's does; he has spontaneity, a richness and variety of music; he has imagination and a rare narrative power, and those fine qualites of humour and emotion without at least one of which no teller of stories can get a hold upon his audience. The humour of "Black Bill's Honey-Moon," a story put into the mouth of John Davis, is of the breeziest, gayest, most irresponsible kind, and from its first lilting stanza:

"Let Martin Parker at hawthorn-tide
Prattle in Devonshire lanes!
Let all his pedlar poets beside
Rattle their gallows chains.
A tale like mine they never shall tell
Or a merrier ballad sing,
Till the Man in the Moon pipe up the tune
And the stars play Kiss-in-the-Ring!"

it rattles along with unflagging jollity and gusto to its last. And the pathos underlying the tragedy of the squalid death of Robert Greene, related partly by Shakespeare, and partly by Marlowe; of Marlowe's fatal duel, as told by Nash; of the burial of Mary Queen of Scots, as you get it from the old sexton who comes into the "Mermaid" on a winter's night, shuffling the snow off his boots, is the truer and more poignant because of the ease and almost careless simplicity of style with which each tale is unfolded.

Incidentally, Mr. Noyes fills his poem with the atmosphere of seventeenth-century London; gives glimpses of the 'prentice riots in the streets, of the May-day revellings, the holiday processions, and, in song and anecdote, of the old city's merchant adventurers; but in the main he recreates the ancient, oak-raftered "Mermaid" tavern, and brings much of its motley, glamorous, glorious life back into it. Ben Jonson is rightly the central figure in this scene; he is a young man at the beginning, and old, and fallen on evil days at the end. One feels that Beaumont, who has left us the only eulogy we have of the things seen and done at the "Mermaid," should have had more than the merest passing mention, but it is a large and splendid fellowship that gathers here at the immortal tavern, and if Beaumont and Fletcher remain in the background, Shakespeare, Marlowe, Green, Nash, Chapman, Drayton, and Sir Walter Raleigh, are among those who play leading parts; and if they do not always talk here so wonderfully as they wrote, that is perfectly natural, too—for no man ever did—and they often say fine things, as when Marlowe ejaculates:

"Ben, Ben,
I tell thee 'tis the dwarfs that find no world
Wide enough for their jostlings, while the giants,
The gods themselves, can in one tavern find
Room wide enough to swallow the wide heaven
With all its crowded solitary stars."

All through, the poem flowers intermittently into glowing imaginative passages, into dainty and charmingly fanciful lyrics, into tales of the dramatists themselves, and of men and women famed in the annals of the England, or the London of that day or the day before. Perhaps the daintiest, most idyllic, and one of the most lightly pathetic of the tales is "The Companion of a Mile," in which Will Kemp, the player, tells in an airy, tripping metre, that dances as you read it, how he danced from London to Norwich and fell in love with the pretty milkmaid who danced a mile of the way with him:

"I fitted her with morrice-bells, with treble, bass and tenor bells:
The fore-bells, as I linked them at her throat, how soft they sang!
Green linnets in a golden nest, they chirped and trembled on her breast,
And faint as elfin blue-bells at her nut-brown ankles rang."

But if one is put to it to name the best thing in the book, then it is "Flos Mercatorum," in which the old Clerk of Bow Church, running in to escape being mobbed by the 'prentices, retells the old, old story of Dick Whittington with an amazing freshness and fulness, clothing it in a finer light of poetry than it ever wore before, and setting it to the haunting chime of his own bells:

"Clerk of the Bow Bell, four-and-twenty prentices,
All upon a Hallowe'en, we prithee, for our joy,
Ring a little turn again for sweet Dick Whittington,
Flos Mercatorum, and a barefoot boy!—

"'Children of Cheape,' did that old Clerk answer,
'You will have a peal then, for well may you know,
All the bells of London remember Richard Whittington
When they hear the voice of the big Bell of Bow!' . . .

"'Whittington! Whittington! O, turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London,' the big bell began:
'Where was he born? O, at Pauntley in Gloucestershire,
Hard by Cold Ashton, Cold Ashton,' it ran.

"'*Flos Mercatorum*,' mourned the bells of All Hallowes,
'There was he an orphan, O, a little lad alone!'
'Then we all sang,' echoed happy St. Saviour's,
'Called him, and lured him, and made him our own.

"'Told him a tale as he lay upon the hillside,
Looking on his home in the meadow-lands below!'
'Told him a tale,' clanged the bell of Cold Abbey;
'Told him the truth,' boomed the big Bell of Bow! . . ."

So, with interludes which give variety to the narrative and enable the Clerk to fill in more prosaic details, you have all the fascinating old romance told over again, and made new in the telling.

Others may prefer the tensely dramatic story of Raleigh's betrayal by Sir Lewis Stukeley; but Mr. Noyes is such a cunning narrator, is such an authentic singer, skilled in the lithest and happiest of metrical harmonies, and scattering so much of poetry and graceful fancy through it all, that the whole book has been read by one reviewer, at all events, with the keenest interest and the keenest pleasure.

* "Pax Britannica: A Study of the History of British Pacification." By H. S. Perris, M.A. 5s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

† "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern." By Alfred Noyes. 5s. net. (Blackwood.)

THE ROMAN ROAD.*

London Bridge and the Thames.
From "Stane Street," by Hilairé Belloc (Constable).

I am afraid those who have read with delight "The Path to Rome" and "The Old Road" will be disappointed in "Stane Street." The author has been obsessed with the technique of this great engineering feat of the Romans to such an extent that throughout the book he never deflects from the austerity of a road engineer to give us glimpses into his poet's mind. In 300 pages he does not visualise for us a single picture of the Roman legions passing along the Stane Street. Nor, unfortunately, does he make it live as a modern high-road. We did hope that he would chat with us along the open road, knapsack on back, and indulge in those pleasant asides that charmed us so much in "The Path to Rome" and "The Old Road." So keen is his scent for surveying that he spares one page only to the wonderfully preserved remains of the Roman pavement at Bignor; and he never tarries even to slake our thirst for Bellocian Bacchanals on the virtues of Sussex ale. Alignments and trajectories are words which appear like ugly scaffolding on nearly every page. Occasionally though, he breaks the severity of his survey to have a fling at professional archæologists:—

"In a word this idea that the battle of Ockley did not take place at Ockley but somewhere else, is but one more instance of that search for iconoclastic novelty at the expense of scholarship which is the very disease of Dons. It arises partly from vanity, partly from a love of local fame, more from a misconception of what history is, and means; and it is a detestable ingredient of modern writing."

Mr. Belloc claims rightly, I think, that the battle of Ockley was fought at Ockley, and not as Oman suggests at Oakley, near Basingstoke, and he adduces good evidence to show that the Roman legions passed over the old London Bridge and not as the latest school of antiquarians would have it, by ferrying between London Bridge and the Tower. Mr. Belloc shows us pretty clearly that when the road ceased to be used as a military road, and so lost its chief and practically only use (for no towns with the conjectural exception of Dorking stood in its alignment) parts of it soon fell into desuetude, and when this took place, we see in the encroachment of the public high-road the tremendous power which has always been vested in the hands of the English landed aristocracy. And to-day, in spite of the Statute of Merton, Archæological Societies, Commons Preservation Societies, Rural District Councils and Boards of Agriculture, encroachments still go on, for on the last occasion I tramped Stane Street from Ockley to Chichester, I found a padlock put on the gate which opened on to part of the old road, still used as a track, and another portion from which the public has recently been excluded by a local landowner.

Mr. Hyde has not done justice to himself in the illustrations. One always thinks of soft crepuscular drawings of sheep on a hillside at twilight when one sees Mr. Hyde's name mentioned. But in many of these illustrations there is a hardness of line and tameness of vision which is rather commonplace. There are useful sketch maps which may possibly be more exhilarating than poems to the amateur as well as to the professional surveyor, who will no doubt find in this book a treasure-house of the scholarship of the metalled road.

F. E. GREEN.

* "Stane Street." By Hilairé Belloc. Illustrated by William Hyde. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Novel Notes.

A PRISONER IN FAIRYLAND. By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Blackwood has travelled far in the land of spiritual adventures since he took the town by his first strange novel, "John Silence." He has thought deeply over things and felt still more deeply, and his outlook on the unseen world has softened, sweetened and widened. Little children, especially, have come to appeal very strongly to him, and he has learnt to enter into their ways of seeing life in the curiously fresh and innocent glory of the young imagination. There is much in his new frame of mind that reminds one of Blake's way of looking at things. There is the same translucent depth of insight and the same simplicity and force of statement. He also uses the perilous instrument of allegory, but with far more discretion and charm than Blake did in his later days. His new fairyland is that wonderful world of sweet human sympathy, on whose invisible foundations rest all the outward, noisy, bustling activities of our lives. It is by their lively powers of sympathy that young children feel their way about the world; a lonely child will invent invisible playmates in order to get the real knowledge of human life it requires. In his childhood, Henry Rogers invented many invisible playmates, and had a fairy train in which he used to travel with them among the stars. All this comes back to his mind when he returns in middle life, a lonely, rich business man, to the country garden in which he used to play. His mind is occupied with a charitable scheme on which he intends to spend the greater part of his fortune. But he is one of those rare men who manage to retain in manhood a childlike power of imagination. He meets some children and entertains them with his old fancies of the fairy train and invisible playmates, and, before he knows it, he is back again in fairyland and taking part in wildly beautiful adventures with his young friends. His genius for sympathy revives and develops and the results are charming and surprising. Among other things he meets in

person the lady of his dreams, and his financial scheme for improving the world broadens out into something human and spiritual, and touched with a noble philosophy of life.

MY FATHER'S SON. By W. W. Penn. Edited by John Harvey. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The present age is a quickly changing one. The outer mechanism of life, the visible wheels, have lately undergone rapid transformation. The inner mechanism, the mental attitude of citizen to citizen, of class to class, and the moral attitude of the citizen to his Maker, have also developed with breathless rapidity. Scarcely ever before have fathers found it so difficult to keep in touch with their children, to avoid falling behind. And this story is the record of a young man who in some ways has really outdistanced his father, has done so in minor things, the outer graces of life, but has not done so in greater things, in the hidden life of the spirit. He is a rather exaggerated example of a very common type, the type which has sufficient vision of the graces of life and what they may be, to rebel against a father's gracelessness, but has not sufficient vision of the realities of life to see things in their right proportion. Such is Penn, so faithfully drawn to life that nineteen out of twenty readers will feel qualms of conscience in travelling with him down the slippery path that led to exile in Honduras. He is something of a coward, more than something of a sneak; he can "never face any reality long." Extravagance gets him into endless money difficulties. It is not all his own fault. For part of these vices he is indebted by force of heredity to a graceless grandfather; for another part to our school system, which is most effective in knocking the corners off a boy, but less effective in carving anything in high relief on the smooth and lifeless surface, producing critics not enthusiasts. Penn's father and mother are drawn to the life; they exist by thousands; they are the backbone of England. What is slightly inconsistent is that a son with such an exquisite insight into his parent's religion should be so unsuccessful in beating his own music out. The racy high-bred Irish schoolmaster, a fine scholar not above setting dogs at rats, is another portrait drawn with unerring hand, while the Oxford scenes and the life at "Sparrow," the crammer's, could not be bettered. These are outstanding details, but in its general lines the book is a brilliant study of the age of change and transition, and well deserves the distinction it has already won.

V.V.'s EYES. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. 6s. (Constable.)

English readers will probably have occasional difficulties with this novel, for Mr. Harrison makes a very free use of the American vernacular and many of his situations are not properly to be appreciated except by those people who have spent some time on the Atlantic sea-board of the United States. But these difficulties, real as they often are, do not materially interfere with one's general enjoyment of what is a well-told story. Dr. Vivian, or V.V. as he is affectionately known to his intimate friends, is a young man of socialistic views who carries out in a very practical manner all the philanthropic doctrines he preaches. At the moment the story opens he has concentrated his efforts upon forcing Mr. Heth, the owner of a cigar factory, to improve the conditions of his work-people. He is accidentally brought into touch with the wilful and beautiful Miss Heth, who, after at first showing some proper filial resentment at his indictment of her father's business, comes gradually to admire the man for his transparent single-heartedness. Questionings begin to arise in her complacent and self-satisfied conscience and she even brings herself to break off her engagement with the highly eligible Mr. Hugo Canning for whom she so cunningly angled. Marriage between her and V.V. is the obvious termination to the story, but Mr. Harrison, somewhat unexpectedly, disdains this happy ending and the book closes with the death of V.V., who meets with a fatal accident owing to the collapse of part of the Heth factory. If not, perhaps, quite so admirable as "Queed," the book is fresh, strong and buoyantly written, and Mr. Harrison's study of the character of Miss Heth is particularly well worked out.

WHILE THE MUSIC LASTS. By Julia MacDonald. 6s. (Holden & Hardingham.)

This is a somewhat loosely-spun story spreading over three generations. Save for rare melodramatic lapses, it is told in a simple, unaffected style, and traces the career of a young artist, Owen Montgomery, who in the teeth of parental opposition insists on marrying a vain, shallow barmaid whose beauty has infatuated him. The disillusion is cruel and complete: the woman is incapable of love. Children are born to them, a son and two daughters, but the mother's luxury-loving heart remains unsoftened. One thing alone has the power to awaken her better nature—the magnetic violin-playing of her husband; but dreading this uncanny influence she wilfully destroys the instrument, and, as the sequel shows, dramatic changes take place in her life. Mrs. MacDonald's best work is to be found in the second part of the story, in which the characteristics and lives of the interesting children of this ill-fated marriage are handled and developed with uncommon skill.

Photo by Boncas Studios, Ilford.

Miss Julia MacDonald.

"While the Music Lasts" has a strong vein of sentiment running through its pages and—what is less usual—a quality of religious sincerity and simple faith, which gives an additional significance to the story.

MR. LAXWORTHY'S ADVENTURES. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Mr. Laxworthy is a sort of superior detective, who is rightly described by his friends as the Man of Peculiar Gifts. He can do astonishing things; hardly any situation will find him at a loss. He has a complete knowledge of lip-language and of jiu-jitsu, marvellous powers of intuition, and a conveniently unobtrusive appearance. He is always on the side of justice, but less often on that of the law. These great talents—or Peculiar Gifts—are exercised in the pursuit of adventure, which of course—this being a sensational novel—comes immediately to hand. We like Mr. Laxworthy and his two assistants, but at the same time we feel bound to confess that they are puzzling people. In the course of an adventure Mr. Laxworthy is fond of telling his friends that the criminal will do a certain thing at a certain hour. The friends are usually incredulous; but the criminal always obliges. The assistants then lose their interest in the case and never once ask Mr. Laxworthy how he came by his wonderfully accurate knowledge. Why have they not more curiosity? It is all rather annoying, for the explanations would be well worth having. Nevertheless, there is a most attractive swing about the book, and, speaking for ourselves, we found that it had to be finished at a sitting.

THE COMMON CHORD. By Phyllis Bottome. 6s. (Secker.)

After the pleasure that it has given us we are sensible of ingratitude in describing "The Common Chord" as a

love story in which everything comes right (or nearly so) in the end. Yet that is what it is. The plot, though ingenious and well worked out, is quite the worst part of the book, and those readers who demand a story—and a story only—will be well advised to pass by Miss Bottome's novel. But in almost every other respect "The Common Chord" is really excellent work. It is up-to-date—almost aggravatingly so, in fact—and humorous and pathetic by turn in a manner that can hardly fail to amuse and to move its readers. With the figure of the hero—a young French musician—Miss Bottome scores a veritable triumph, and excellent foils are supplied in a prosaic and unimaginative Englishman, who is at once his friend and rival, and a singularly fresh and attractive heroine. "The Common Chord," in fact, is a book of originality and charm.

BARRY AND A SINNER. By John Barnett. 6s. (Smith, Elder,)

This is really the comedy of a rogue's life, told by himself, with an underlying sense of the pity and pathos of it all to give an edge to its humour. Gilly Leviter is the rogue, a waster without any moral fibre, a shiftless, hopeless weakling whom nobody can save from his own inherent folly. Early in his career he has filched money from his employer, and in consequence served a term of imprisonment; after his release, when he is contemplating suicide, he comes across Barry Lincoln, an old schoolfellow who had always been kind to him, and Barry promptly takes him in hand and insists on looking after him. Shortly after their meeting, Barry inherits a fortune, which only makes him the more determined to devote himself to Gilly's regeneration. Barry himself is a delightfully unpractical idealist. He has romantic ideas of being loved wholly for himself, and not without suffering breaks off his engagement to a girl who has fascinated him when he discovers that she is aware of his wealth and is bent on marrying him for it. Later, in his anxiety to be loved wholly for himself and not for his money, he even encourages a mistake that is made when he and Gilly settle down in his native place, and will not contradict or allow Gilly to contradict the rumour that he is the waster who has been in prison, and that Gilly is an eccentric rich friend who is trying to reclaim him, and the results of this deception are a mingling of laughter and sorrow and one tragic event that robs Gilly of love and is to rob him of life, and yet does not leave him wholly unhappy. It is a lightly, cleverly written story, too fantastic perhaps to seem true, but it touches life seriously now and then and is always interesting.

THE WILDERNESS LOVERS. By E. R. Punshon. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a fine and unusual romance of the wild regions of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Punshon skilfully appeals both to English and American readers by drawing on both races for his chief characters, and we should not be surprised if his novel quickly became remarkably popular on the two sides of the Atlantic. It deals with an affair of the present day which could only happen in the wilderness he describes so well. It is an uncharted tract of mountain and salt desert as large as Britain, and in it hide two young American outlaws, who carry on a war against a powerful mining magnate, who has robbed them by legal trickery of their farm-land. A charming English girl and her husband come to the mining town to talk over a matter of business with the wicked millionaire. The Englishwoman is abducted by one of the outlaws, and the miners set out as an army of rescue. This part of the story is not merely exciting, but informed with the true spirit of drama. For by his careful characterisation Mr. Punshon prepares the reader for an amazing and yet probable vicissitude of feeling in the relations between the outlaw and the stolen lady. It would scarcely be fair to the author to summarize baldly the remarkable story he has to tell. Only in his way of telling it can the truth to human nature be preserved. His talent for character drawing is as striking as his gifts for narration.

THE STROLLING SAINT. By Rafael Sabatini. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

A ripe knowledge of the times, a vigorous narrative style, and a nice gift of characterisation go to the successful making of Mr. Sabatini's latest story of mediæval Italy. The strolling saint is the High and Mighty Agostino D'Arguissola, Tyrant of Mondolfo, who was vowed to the cloisters by a fanatical mother. But Agostino took after his free-living soldier ancestors, and in this book we have the entertaining confession of his life and adventures until he regained his patrimony and won the beautiful Bianca. In the interval the Strolling Saint had become a very proficient man of the world, chiefly owing to the kindness of his pedagogue's wife, who had instructed him in the tender passion with the Decameron as their text-book. The story is extremely interesting and entertaining, and the autobiographical form is excellently managed. The inexpert reader will have no doubts about the accuracy of Mr. Sabatini's vigofous reconstruction of the past. Like some greater novelists, Mr. Sabatini is much happier in describing his Beckys than his Amelias.

THE PETTICOAT COMMANDO, or Boer Women in Secret Service. By Johanna Brandt. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

This narrative of certain events in Pretoria during that exciting period between the British occupation in June, 1900, and the proclamation of Peace two years later, must be approached from an impartial standpoint. It is written by one uncompromisingly convinced of the plenary righteousness of the Republican cause, and of the absolute injustice of British policy and methods. Nevertheless, when we have allowed for the view-point, the book is of considerable interest. It is largely from records such as this that the authentic history of the Great Boer War will one day be written. The author hates healthily, if the term may be permitted. That is to say, her rancour is seldom against the individual; even an enemy is apt to have justice done at her hands, and she does not spare the lash when those on the Republican side are under criticism. The scene is laid at Harmony, an old, romantic farmstead on the outskirts of Pretoria. Harmony was surrounded by the British lines; nevertheless, it became the intelligence exchange between the Republican inhabitants of Pretoria and the commandos of General Botha which hovered in the vicinity. Hansie van Warmelo, the heroine, is a young woman of compelling individuality and considerable charm. The circumstance that she captured a kitten from the British lines and appropriately named it "Mauser," perhaps expresses her character better than her more sensational achievements. Captain Naude, the Baden Powell of the Boers, is the hero of the tale. His exploits are thrilling enough; for instance, his visits to Harmony in the uniform of a British colonel, after strolling through the lines past the house of the Military Governor and being saluted by the sentries. Then there is "Gentleman Jim," the Zulu who, although he could speak Dutch fluently, absolutely refused to make use of the "Taal" after the British occupation. Nevertheless, Jim remained faithful to his salt. We may close with this expression of the author's healthy optimism: "the time will surely come when, in the intermarriage of our children and our children's children, will be formed a nation great and strong and purified."

THE LAW BRINGERS. By G. B. Lancaster. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Law Bringers are men of the mounted police who carry the reign of order into the wild places of Canada. Two of these, Sergeant Tempest and Corporal Dick Heriot, are the principal characters in one of the most arresting and powerfully realistic stories that G. B. Lancaster has ever written. They had been friends, but had fallen out for the love of a woman, and Tempest had seemed to be the successful rival. When they first meet again in the snowy Canadian wastes, Heriot still chafes under memories of the past, and it is only after he has been convinced that

the woman who broke his life has broken Tempest's also and driven him into this exile that his former friendship reawakens. The widely differing characters of the two men are drawn with real insight. Tempest has held on to his ideals, and is out to live the life of a man; Heriot, a lesser, weaker spirit, has fallen into loose and shiftless habits, but he is not even yet beyond rising out of his dead self and playing the man at a crisis. There are two women who count in the story: Jennifer, married to the rascally Ducane; and the childlike, pretty, non-moral half-breed Andree. You feel it natural that such a man as Tempest should be irresistibly drawn to such a blithe, careless, charming little creature as Andree; and as natural that Andree should care nothing for him; and the tragedy that ended his love for her saved him from a tragedy that would have been greater had it ended as he wished. And it is Heriot's love for Jennifer, that looked as if it might have cast him deeper into the mire, which is the final means of his regeneration. A full and finely imagined romance, written vigorously and with ripe cunning, "The Law Bringers," should add appreciably both to the reputation and the popularity of its author.

The Bookman's Table.

ERRBUS. By Evangeline Ryves. 1s. 6d. net and 1s. net.

THE RED HORIZON. By Evangeline Ryves. 1s. 6d. net and 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

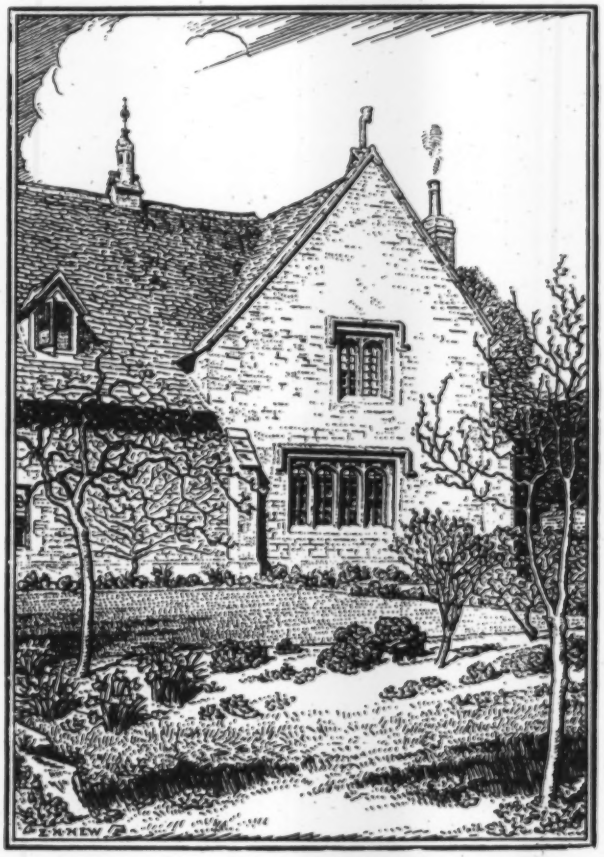
In a preface to the first of these volumes the publisher mentions that two-thirds of the contents have been for ten years out of print, and it was on his persuasion that the author consented to his reissuing them. It is not often that a publisher is desirous of issuing or reissuing anyone's poetry nowadays, but in this case Mr. Mathews was justified of his enthusiasm; moreover, he was not alone in his judgment. F. W. H. Myers, Herbert Trench and Mrs. Meynell have all spoken in highest praise of Miss Ryves's poetry; and when her book of "Lyrics" appeared in 1906, with no author's name on its title-page, Francis Thompson read it, we are told, and remarked to Mrs. Meynell, "Well, there's no doubt of this—the man's a poet!" That much is as evident, too, from the new book "The Red Horizon." The charm of Miss Ryves's poems lies in the simple directness of their language and the delicate, elusive fancy and emotion that play like light and shadow through them. "The Red Horizon" is a dialogue between Wayfarer and Daydreamer, two souls who were banished into night and meet on a mountain-top overlooking the sea, and they talk through the darkness until sunrise of the mysteries of life and the mysteries that lie beyond life, and in the light of a new morning the Spirit of all that had been best and highest in themselves appears and speaks to them of all that they have lost, all they have hoped and meant to be but have not been. It is a poem of fine imaginative quality, and whatever of mysticism enters into it is, like all true mysticism, beautifully simple. All that is best in these two little books has its inspiration in everyday human experience, in joys and sorrows that are common to all of us and those intimate things of the spirit that are the life behind life. Some of the poems are very slight, but within its limits Miss Ryves's gift is the real thing.

PRINCE CHARLIE'S PILOT. By Evan Macleod Barron. 5s. net. (Inverness: Carruthers & Sons.)

It was Lord Rosebery, our author reminds us, who described the '45 as the last burst of chivalry, and there were undeniably in that picturesque and forlorn undertaking with its romantic adventurer, and his faithful followers, all the elements of tragedy and glamour which go to the making of song and story. Many are the books that have depicted the last Jacobite Rebellion from "Waverley" onwards. Probably no historic incident has made so strong an appeal. Books both light and serious—stirring tales such as "Kidnapped," reflective modern fiction such as "Poor Sons of a Day," or "Flemington," sensational historical research such as Lang's "Pickle the Spy," indispensable memoranda such as Blaikie's "Itinerary" or Mr. Terry's "Last Jacobite Rising from Contemporary Writers." All these and a host of others. Again and again it has been said that the field is overcrowded, but every year some new book has appeared to exemplify the endless resources of the '45. The last, and one which in our opinion deserves a wide circulation amongst those interested in sidelights upon this episode, is the history of Donald Macleod—who piloted the fugitive Prince amongst the western isles. Those who know their "Lyon in Mourning," will remember that desperate journeying, but there is so much confusion of names and facts in that wonderful book, that such a compact and individualised narrative as this is invaluable. But Mr. Barron has not merely collected and selected his material from "The Lyon in Mourning." The later period of Macleod's life when a prisoner near London, and the horrible privations and cruelties he endured—the reception he received on his release—all this makes up a complete and admirable story-life of a man, who though of humble birth and position, must be ranked amongst the noblest of the Jacobites.

KINGHAM OLD AND NEW: STUDIES IN A RURAL PARISH. By W. Warde Fowler. 5s. net. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

Mr. Warde Fowler's studies of the village in which he lives cover a very wide range of subjects, including a history of the parish before and after Domesday, sketches of old village characters, accounts of the local birds and plants, and descriptions of such recent events as the great thunderstorm of June 7th, 1910, the great drought of 1911, and the Battle of Kingham on September 15th, 1909. The careless reader may feel tempted to describe the book



The Old Manor House, Kingham.
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From "Kingham Old and New," by W. Warde Fowler (Blackwell).

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as small beer, but this would be a grossly inaccurate description of it. It possesses a very definite value. It gives a vivid and accurate impression of English rural life at the present time and in the recent past. At the same time Mr. Warde Fowler's writing is, as might indeed be expected, not of that wooden and uninspired variety which is usually associated with village chronicles. A trained and keen observer with a sense of humour, he is master of a fluent and attractive style, which is displayed to particular advantage in the natural history chapters and that on the local "characters" with whom he has been acquainted. It is a book to many portions of which the overworked epithet of "charming" may be justifiably applied.

THE GARDEN OF IGNORANCE. By Mrs. George Cran. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Like many another nature-lover, Mrs. George Cran has found most garden books dull, "frightfully dull," and it has been her generous resolve in the present volume to write of gardening just as she herself would have liked to read of it in those dark days of ignorance when three unappreciated acres of shaggy ground in Surrey fell into her possession. The result is an altogether charming book free from dogma and ugly technicalities, and conveying in the lightest, pleasantest fashion an enthusiastic conception of the happiness to be got from a garden. At one time, the author tells us, her enthusiasm reached outrageous dimensions: "My presents became the scandal of the family; asked what I wanted for Christmas I said half a dozen loads of manure, for Easter as many of loam, for my birthday eight tons of 'pitching' stones to pave the terrace—and so on. . ." She describes how bees and bob-tails, blue Persians and pigeons form part of a garden, and dwells lovingly and amusingly on their habits and possibilities. "The Garden of Ignorance" is brimful of ideas and suggestions; it has all the charm and value of a keenly observant garden-lover who with mingled geniality and humility unfolds to you her rich store of experience in terms at once glowing and practical. The only people who should not read this enchanting volume are those that dwell in flats and wish to rest in peace.

Photo by Frank Hall.

Mrs. George Cran.

SANCTUARY. By Laurence Morton. 2s. 6d. (Jarrold.)

To write a series of monologues upon commonplace matters, and to hold the reader's attention throughout, requires the exercise of much literary taste. The author of "Sanctuary" is to be congratulated upon a powerful handling of a difficult subject. It is perhaps the entire absence of conventionality which appeals to the reader at first sight, but he is soon drawn into a web of fanciful ideas, from which he feels no desire to escape. The writer is represented as a highly imaginative lady, who has built for herself a house of dreams in her chamber under the stars. In this peaceful room solitude is unknown; nothing is cold or hard or lifeless. Every common thing becomes imbued with a spirit of its own, in whose affinity with her own soul she finds perfect sympathy and companionship. We imagine that Maurice Maeterlinck was conscious of the same subtle attraction, when he drew forth a multitude of spirits from the simple furnishings of a peasant's kitchen. Each of the fifteen papers is addressed to a mysterious being known as a "Shadow Friend," whose personality is too vague to be described and whose presence in her room the owner herself can scarcely understand. With this silent, sympathetic guest all her inmost thoughts are shared and her pretty, quaint ideas discussed. In the company of the spirit and the shadow she is perfectly content, and her room at the top of the house is a sanctuary indeed. In a work of this kind, it is not easy to maintain throughout the same high standard of excellence. There is a lack of inspiration and a suggestion of laboriousness here and there, but the book will appeal to any whose nature responds to the charms of the fanciful.

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